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# Above Average American

Americans—the bleary-eyed, ink-stained, picture-drawing, story-telling kind—are a source of disagreement among both *HM*'s staff and its readers. "Where are the American comics artists?" some zealous patriots cry. "Aw, c'mon," others of a less chauvinistic bent retort. "Who can even begin to touch what these French artists are doing . . and the Spanish . . . and the Italians . . . and the Belgians . . and . . ."

Two facts are irrefutable: the average American cartoonist would not be able to get a job with *Metal Hurlant* or *Pilote et Lanus* or any of a plethora of European comics magazines because of his lack of imagination and his inability to break loose from rigid artistic formula; the average European artist would not be able to get a job with any of the American comics companies because of his lack of discipline and his inability to channel his amazingly uncon-strained exertions into creating something of substance.

And those who are above average? Well, you'll find a lot of them right here in *Heavy Metal*. There's the Frenchman Jean Giraud, who drew the most apple-pie-American western comics you've ever laid eyes on before being transformed into the otherworldly Moebius and giving the world "Arzach" and "The Airtight Garage" . . . not to mention the "Incal" stories.

There's the American Richard Corben, a force too uncontrollable for the underground comics that spawned him, who now spends his waking hours splashing a rainbow of colors over the minds of millions of readers in a dozen different countries by way of "Den II."

And there's Mike Kaluta . . . in this very issue.

Michael Wm. Kaluta has been around for a while, and he's drawn just about every type of comics feature. He was one-quarter of the legendary Studio, sharing that space and time with Barry Smith, Jeff Jones, and Berni Wrightson. He did the finely detailed, highly atmospheric art for the short-lived *Shadow* book in the mid-seventies. When Kaluta drew the crazed Shadow skulking through some dark alley, you just knew that somehow you'd been whisked through time to an impossible 1800s world where there was no day or night . . . only eternal twilight. It was his best comics work . . . until now.

Now Mike Kaluta has presented us with "Starstruck," the first episode of which starts on page 12. It's whimsical and wild and wonderful . . . and very reminiscent of an equally delightful play called . . . *Starstruck*. Kaluta created the sets and costumes for that charming entertainment, teaming with author/actress Elaine and Newfleet Lee and Dale Place to hit the panic off those wondrous old space operas . . . in a kind and gentle way. They're back now—on the printed page this time—to do it all over again.

> "Who can even begin to touch what these French artists are doing?"

More far-above-average American ink-tossing can be found on page 53 as Gray Morrow (with some help from Jack C. Harris) inaugurates a mini-series series called "June 2050." Each issue, this nifty little page will give us an opportunity to look over a different American artist's shoulder and see what's on the drawing board when these talented people ponder the puzzles of life as it will be in a mere sixty-eight years. You'll never know who's going to turn up drawing and/or writing this feature . . . until the issue hits the stands and you can see it with your own eyes.

Rest assured, though . . . all these artists will be well above average. But then, aren't we all?

—John Workman


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# DOSSIER

## NUVINYL

## Thoughts While Dancing...

A lamely dancing human has got to be one of the world's funniest sights—especially those earnestly twitching exhibitionists of the Caucasian persuasion who yield a better ha-ha harvest than a Victor Mature film festival. With few exceptions, people rarely look comfortable, natural, or at ease while moving their bodies to a rhythm, not only because they don't seem to be really *hearing* the rhythm (too busy concentrating on their *moves*), but because the moves they're executing are, for the most part, learned ones. Like clothes worn in blind obedience to fashion, dancing styles are widely imitated without any real feeling for where the things come from or why, and without a thought as to whether the dances are physically communicative of the dancer's own body or personality. They aren't dancing to say something about themselves or the music, they're doing it for display, and so the movement reflects nothing more about them than a lack of original thought.

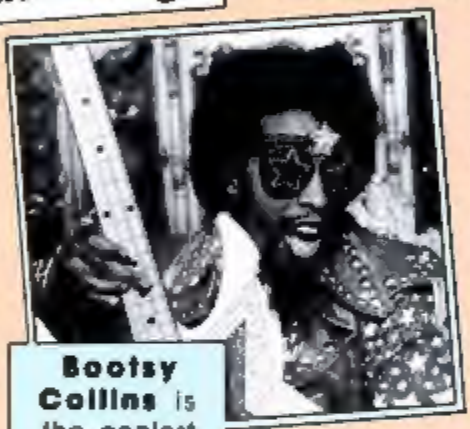
The same can be said of dance music. Powerful body rhythms are reproduced without regard for the music's meaning or substance—all that matters is the steady (heart)beat and the music's physical appearance (how it sounds blasting through the club PA). That's always been my problem with the disco beat: imprisoned by an associative context of mindless self-obsession and bourgeois hedonism, it sounds more deadening than stimulating. What's this stuff about? Dancing. Occasionally, the focus is extended to partying, drugging, fucking (all of which are often interchangeable metaphors for each other), but the essential vacuity remains. Recent black American violators: **Zapp II** (Warner Bros.) and **Mighty Fire** (Elektra), both of which tested my intestinal fortitude. Recent white British violators: **Haircut One Hundred's** *Pelican West* (Arista) and **The Thompson Twins'** *In the Name of Love* (Arista), the former of which is far more offensive than the latter (Haircut are the excruciatingly white modern equivalents to Pat Boone, while the TTs at least have some gut feel for the rhythm.)

Judging by street-box popularity quotient, **Grandmaster Flash's** "The Message" (Sugarhill) has been this summer's hottest single in NYC. It's not a bad number, though overlong, a bit dirge-like and hammer-locked by a stream of spoke-sung lyrics expressing the Master's disgust with the quality of urban life. Is "The Message" the first black disco tune made for *listening*? Certainly seems that way; both me and a good half of the Ritz dance floor recently gave up midway through the thing to just follow the rhythmic monologue. I'd be willing to wager Flash's been checking out such Brit dance bands as **New Order** (I'm now liking "Hurt," the B-side of their Factory single I put down last month), and **Gang of Four** (whose "I Love a Man in Uniform" from their *Songs of the Free* Warner LP was this spring's most affecting dance number). I'd also recommend fraternizing with **Simple Minds'** "Promised You a Miracle" (Virgin import), **Heaven 17's** "At the Height of the Fighting" (Virgin import), **Yazoo's** Human-Leaguish "Don't Go" (Mute import) and "Situation" (Sire), **The Ministry's** "Cold Life" (Wax Tracks), **Fingerprintz's** cacophating *Beat Noir* (Stiff America), and even (gasp!) **Soft Cell's** not-bad new EP *Non-Stop Ecstatic Dancing* (Sire—though I still wish Marc Almond would learn to sing). I mean, they've all stolen from him, so why not return the favor?

I started paying (minimal) attention to disco in 1977, after a hardcore addiction to Kraftwerk's *Trans-Europe Express* LP and Donna Summer/Giorgio Moroder's "I Feel Love" set in. The trance-inducing power of these records lies in their inelastic, square rhythmic pattern (move over Steve Reich), an inflexibility which also renders disco essentially unsuitable as dance music—the possibilities of polyrhythmic interpolation are much too limited. Reggae manages to be both hypnotic and asymetrically taste enough to allow for creative body movement. Exercise your buns with **Steel Pulse's** *True Democracy* (Elektra) and **Black Uhuru's** *Chill Out* (Island), two superb listening and dancing albums (the latter's title cut currently refuses to get off my turntable).

Outside of Captain Beefheart and Bruno Sammartino, **Bootsy Collins** is unquestionably the coolest human on Earth. An alumnus of George Clinton's Parliament/Funkadelic multidimensional conglomerate (the Bonzo Dog Band of funk, in which Bootsy played Viv Stanshall to Clinton's Neil Innes), William "Bootsy" Collins (as he now bills himself) has excreted the year's most danceably hilarious record. *The One Giveth, the Count Taketh Away* (Warner Bros.) tell me can you two-step and laugh convulsively at the same time?

—Lou Stathis



**Bootsy Collins** is *the* coolest human on Earth.

# HEART OF GALAS

Diamanda Galas stalks the edge.

Most "New Music," a name that has managed to slip onto an entire genre of experiment-makers, never lives up to its still slippery name. But some of it, like the music and performance of **Diamanda Galas**, a Greek-born San Diegan, goes back to such ancient and primordial resources as the ecstatic catharsis of Greek tragedies, devil worship, and a little friendly blood-spilling between families. Out of this, she creates a vocal sound so new, stunning, and shocking that the ancient becomes futuristic, thus connecting her pre-conscious sounds, both guttural and high-pitched shrieks of horror, with the psychotic and fearful inarticulation of a very possibly bleak future.

Galas's first recording, (on Britain's V Records) **The Litanies of Satan** (which includes her "hit" performance piece, "Wild Women with Steakknives"), is an excellent representation of her live shows which have recently enthralled and hypnotized large audiences in Europe and on both U.S. coasts. Galas manipulates microphones like rappers do turntables, using four at once, often articulating two notes at once, completely controlling where her voice goes in a room or in the studio. She basically screams bloody murder, as it were, with the training and control of Maria Callas, the soul of Janis Joplin, and the confrontational attitude of Lydia Lunch (Galas brands what she does "pink noise").

She defies punk, however, claiming her only connection to that "form" is formidable energy, which she refuses to call negative. Her voice, so powerful, is a physical shocker, and she addresses her live audience with no tricks, no props—it's all about how much she can risk. The exhilaration of her demon wails is a result of their loose metaphorics for mood and mind. We are reminded that "music" wasn't always about hook and riff and bass line; it was once a direct gut experience. Now, only the truly avant-garde are allowed to be direct—quasi-irony!

Yet there's no irony in Galas's brave new music, and no intellectual hijinx, either. Just the unearthly sounds of a being, possibly human, who is truly alienated. What could be older and newer than that?

—Merle Ginsberg

# THE HOT AND THE HARRIED

Like their TV counterparts, soap 'n' rock albums by COR (Couple Oriented Rock) groups—X, Blondie, Fleetwood Mac, and the Cramps—satisfy through their underlying promises that: a) hope, however nihilistic, springs eternal, and b) you'll never be completely happy no matter what. Whether you're harried and betrayed because you've had two cancer operations or six platinum LPs (**Fleetwood Mac**, **Mirage**, Warner Bros), lost your seventh spouse or ability to compose a ditty (**Blondie**, **The Hunter**, Chrysalis), or recovered from four bouts of temporary amnesia or VD (**The Cramps**, **Psychedelic Jungle**, IRS), life sucks and love ultimately stinks. Still, they're better than *nada*, and without misery and ecstasy, where would S&R, or any of us, be? But how many times can you listen to these sweetheart rockers of the eighties whine about unattainable perfect love in a pre-nuclear environment? What we want from the overproduced intercourse of COR groups is to be carried away by wild body heat sounds, and not by the abysmal soaper lyrics they uncork about finding the meaning of love in all the wrong metaphors. I mean just how far can you stretch **X**'s **Under the Big Black Sun** (Elektra) as a password for adultery? The problem with these neuromantic couples is that they are each other's self-absorbed flip sides.

Are you unmoved by X's new-wave "General Hospital" anthems about togetherness on *Sun*, a giant step backward after *Wild Gift*? Exene (punk's Edith Piaf) and hubby John's tedious musings about fidelity versus temptation on "Come Back to Me" and "Dancing with Tears in My Eyes" are salvaged only by the unique "More Room in My Bed," or, how to get to heaven from Long Beach—no mean feat.

So what if Chris and Debbie Stein's vanguard struggle for atmospheric state-of-the-art rock immortality proves futile on *The Hunter* (definitely *not* their best album since *Parallel Lines*). Deb's end-of-the-world warnings about a universe driven to extinction by a loss of primal passions and an excess of obsessions ("War Child" and "Dragonfly") never match the grandiosity of Chris's pungent, fuck-to-the-beat rhythms. Perfect subs for the "Dallas" and "Dynasty" sex-opera themes, though. If you can't get enough of the glossy Steins, check out **Making Tracks: The Rise of Blondie** (Dell), a book of Chris's surprisingly good photographs of their sensational life together.

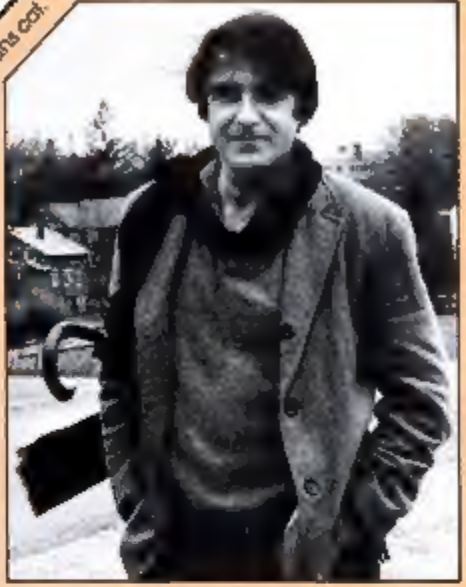
Like me, you probably didn't lose sleep over Fleetwood Mac's megastar quest for true (please define) love and lost-and-found dreams. Lindsay Buckingham's top-ten hit, "Hold Me," cries out "Can't you love the real me?"—the same leitmotif as "All My Children." As for Stevie Nicks, rock's Mary Pickford, she sings "Sarah" over and over again on "Gypsy."

Winners of S&R's "The Young and the Restless" Emmy are Cramps' dynamos, singer Lux Interior and guitarist (Poison) Ivy Rorschatz, who electrocute with two supercelerated sides of COR poundings on their *Psychedelic Jungle*. They liberate soft core S&R by signaling a hysteroid tribal sock hop with one sexy get-up-and-grind song after another.

—Daphne Davis

# Puss in Books

## Alexander Theroux, sans cat



Last year was the publishing world's Year of the (Dead) Cat, but the most important single contribution to that kitten kaboodle—**Alexander Theroux's** massive, heady novel ***Darconville's Cat*** (Doubleday)—was also the commercial runt of the litter. Ironically, as the book's vengeful plot is staged on the grounds of a Virginia campus, it also has something of a "preppy" motif going for it. Today, while such trends have grown stale, Theroux's magnum opuss—which intended allegiance to neither—retains its majesty, integrity, and, yes, novelty.

It is the tragicomic tale of Ataric Darconville, author and Anglioprof, who falls for one of his students, Isabel Rawthorne, an initially receptive country cowgirl who's quick on the withdraw. Put briefly, love sours when betrayed, and our hero plots to wring his belle by the neck at the coercion of the vile Dr. Crucifer—eunuch, Satanist, misogynist and Harvard professor.

Composed of prose, heroic couplets, fables, lists, rhyming ABCs, diaries, and letters, this velvet-lined hell of love and scorn parodies a panoply of "hoopoes" in its mock-arrogant stride. Theroux introduces us to Southern belles named Kristine Chappelle, Bulone Slocum, and Hypolove Poore, wryly digressing "*and yet how was it that upon hearing* [such names] *one saw only majorettes, waitresses, and roller derby queens?*" He pulls us into Southern Baptist revival meetings, where the Rev. W.C. Cloogy rails against "*Mo tats! Pa back books!* Supposed *harridan! Men in bulgin pants from magazines!* [and] *Girlies with eyelashes like dang rakes!*" His 704 pages are half prolonged sigh and half primal scream.

Readers reluctant to turn themselves over to such a lengthy mad orgia, but find themselves intrigued, are directed to Theroux's first glory, ***Three Wogs*** (Godine), which is shorter, easier, and much more affordable in its paperback format. As in much of the longer work, his targets are prejudice and other small-brained idiocies, and his Grail the prose that encompasses all knowledge, all time, and all of one's personality.

Had Theroux originated from Latin America or West Germany, his Cat would have been lionized upon its release, alas, as many critics are lax in heralding native talent as are publishers in encouraging it. This writer, who has the power to make sentences spread and ball before a reader's eyes, still seeks an audience. You owe it to imagination to invest in him.

—Timothy R. Lucas

# My Influences

*regarding the Seventh* by Baron Corvo
*Juvenal's Satires*
Saki's short stories
*Ulysses* by James Joyce
*Travels in Arabia Deserta* by Charles Doughty
*Paradise Lost* by John Milton
The consistent wit of my brothers Paul
the teaching of Martin Bat-ishin of the University of Virginia

—Alexander Theroux

# BOSCH BASH

It's what you can intellectualize but not caterwauler on a gut level that scares you shitless: your cells can turn against you, the IRS wants you for a random audit, the sound of sniper fire comes from beyond your peripheral vision. Etc. Dwelling upon it fills you with quaking awe.

It's the best fear to use for propaganda. Steal your selves against—

**Hieronymous Bosch** (c. 1450-1516), while in the commission of some of the leading Churchsters of his day, reversed this process. He made use of then-contemporary theological thought and symbolism to—rather than mickeymouse fear into obedience—depict a universe of infinite sensations, whole, without any visible avenue of escape. Two writers on Bosch's work, **Peter S. Beagle**, in his informal study ***The Garden of Earthly Delights*** (Viking), and **Ian Watson**, in his at novel ***The Gardens of Delight*** (Timescape/Pocket Books), have their theories.

Author of *The Last Unicorn* and *A Fine and Private Place*, Beagle has turned his understated yet incisive talents to nonfiction with splendid effect, examining Bosch's probable influences and output with a modern sensibility. His book's one drawback is visual: half the illustrations are useless, reducing Bosch's figures to decorative freaks; some of the details are cropped so's to belie Beagle's analytic comments; no dimensions are given for any of the paintings—and it's the *physicality* of vision that one is about. Thankfully, both Beagle and Watson manage to convey this with words.

And about Watson—as though aspiring to become the British Phillip Jose Farmer—he sets his novel literally on a planet of Boschian design. Why? That's the plot. With it, Watson has put his finger on a dangerous but tempting tenet shared by religion and science fiction at their worst: that suspension of disbelief can save you.

—Robert Morales

# Moorcock, Less Bull

Michael Moorcock: world-famous Spanish "Tarzan" translator.

Photograph by Jerry Bauer

## Moorcock Endures

The first time I met Michael Moorcock somebody introduced us at a party. This was a dozen years ago or more. It was Flower Power time, and Moorcock, an Englishman visiting New York, was decked out in a shirt and tie of wildly colored patterns. He sported long hair and a big beard and epitomized the newest consciousness of the era.

We corresponded sporadically throughout the seventies, and during that time I followed Moorcock's career with fascinated attention and admiration.

The thing is, there have to be two Michael Moorcocks. At least. Maybe half a dozen. Moorcock spews out projects the way Nedick's counterman serve up hot dogs and orange drink. Half of his effusions are fairly trivial—dozens of sci-fi novels (I use the term advisedly) and swordplay-and-sorcery epics, many of them pastiches of Burroughs's John Carter or Howard's Conan sagas; cheap-jack screenplays; editing jobs that stretch from Moorcock's teens, when he edited the British Tarzan Adventures and Sexton Blake Library (Blake was a half-Sherlock Holmes, half-James Bond hybrid), to his long distinguished association with New Worlds magazine.

The other half of Moorcock's output is serious, skilled, powerful. His novels are important science-fantasy, social satire, real literature. Almost invariably flawed, at least in part because of Moorcock's rapid writing technique, they nonetheless make him one of the major sf writers of the past two decades. Books like **The Final Programme** and the rest of the Jerry Cornelius saga (available in the Avon omnibus edition), **The Cornelius Chronicles**, **The Warlord of the Air** (DAW), **The Black Corridor** (last seen in a scarce Dave Publications/Dial Press trade pb, now out of print), **The Ice Schooner** (Dell), and the controversial **Behold the Man** (Avon) are among Moorcock's best.

Lately Moorcock has slowed down—at least a little. His supposedly final fantasy novel, **Gloriana** (Avon, 1978), was a marvelously dense and almost smotheringly rich homage to the late Mervyn Peake. In 1981 he returned unexpectedly to fantasy with **The Warhound and the World's Pain** (Timescape). The book starts brilliantly but degenerates into a dreary trek-and-battle epic. Clearly, Moorcock's heart isn't in that literary realm any more.

But his newest project is a splendid historical series set in eastern Europe between the two world wars. The first volume, **Byzantium Endures** (Random House), is a manic view of the Bolshevik revolution and the Russian civil war, narrated by a splendid mountebank.

I didn't see Moorcock again until recently, when he turned up for a convention literally a stone's throw from my house. Along with two friends, Richard Wasserman and James Purnelle, I lugged a cassette recorder up to Mike's room. He has changed little in that decade-plus. The hair is both thinner and shorter, the beard has been pared to more modest dimensions. There is just the slightest suggestion of middle-age spread around the middle, and of course those flower-power patterns are gone. He proved to be a shy, modest, and soft-spoken subject, yet remarkably outspoken and honest in his replies.

—Richard A. Lupoff

*(Dick Lupoff's latest book is Sticks Prospekt, published this month by Toothpaste Press. He has also written Sword of the Demon, Space War Blues, and the forthcoming Lovecraft's Book, Circumpolari and Sun's End.)*

**MM:** You've worked in a remarkable range and variety of media and literary forms, producing some truly outstanding works. How did you get started?

**MM:** On an English magazine called *Tarzan Adventures*, which had mainly the Burne Hogarth Tarzan comic as its main feature. It also had a lot of text. British comics tended at the time to be half comics and half text, and I started doing fantasy short stories for that. They were juveniles and I was a juvenile: I was fifteen or sixteen.

**MM:** There's a legend in the sf community that you were supposedly translating Spanish Tarzan without knowing any Spanish.

**MM:** I didn't know any Spanish.

**MM:** How did you do it?

**MM:** I needed the work (laughter). When they said we need somebody to translate this stuff, I think I was probably getting fifty pence a million words at the time. "Can you speak Spanish?" I said, "Sure."

**MM:** What did you do, just make up new stories?

**MM:** Yes. You see, most of the Hogarth and Foster plates, or a good many of them, were destroyed in a fire in the States. I think during the war sometime. The only plates they had of the stuff I wanted to put in the magazine were the Spanish ones, so you'll find that almost all that Foster and early Hogarth stuff has entirely different dialogue and stories running through them in my versions, because I'd never seen the originals.

**MM:** What would you consider the first of your serious and worthwhile works?

**MM:** Well, I think you'd have to jump to *The Final Programme*, which was the first thing I was really pleased with. There's a gap in there where I was doing the Elric stories and stuff like that, which I'm not displeased with, but which I don't regard as being serious. Those came about . . . I'd given up writing fantasy and science fiction almost completely. I was working on straight fiction and journalism—I think it was 1958—when I bumped into Ted Carnell, who was editor of *Science Fantasy* magazine at the time, who asked me if I would do a sword-and-sorcery series for the magazine. I said I'd more or less given up any ambitions in that area, but I was a working writer, and it was a commission, so I did it. I got the impression he wanted a Conan series, and I had a Conan series that I'd roughed out in the mid-fifties that I'd never gotten around to doing. I gave him 10,000 words of that, and he said, "No, I didn't mean Conan; I meant something like it." So I thought I'd try and do something that's as much different from Conan and the usual sword-and-sorcery heroes as I could. But it's essentially straight out of the Byronic tradition of the gothic hero/villain. It just came out of a different literary tradition, but it seemed new to the field at the time.

**MM:** This brings us then to *The Final Programme*?

**MM:** In between that time, I took over as editor of *New Worlds*. My ambition at that time was to try and, I suppose, improve the literary quality of fantasy and sf. I didn't think it was particularly well written; I thought it had become rather narrow. The generic conventions had shuttled it. So, by 1964 I was editing *New Worlds* and trying to encourage writers to write differently—for themselves, but differently. I think one of the reasons I started *The Final Programme* was almost to produce something as an example. It was also the first time that I was able to marry theme and form more closely—I found that it tended to distort what I was trying to say if I kept it within the generic form. I was trying to produce something that related to the real political and social world of the sixties. I wrote it in ten days, and I thought it was really . . . I was just very pleased with it and I thought everybody would like it. It got solidly rejected for about two years before Avon picked it up in America.

**MM:** How long do you normally spend on a book?

**MM:** Well, as I said, *The Final Programme* took ten days, while the last book in the Jerry Cornelius set, *The Condition of Muzak*, took the best part of five years. I write fast—early on, when I was writing stuff like the Runestaff books, I reckoned if you couldn't write it in three days it shouldn't be written. Old age started setting in in my late twenties, and it became seven days, and finally I made it ten days.

**MM:** All one draft?

**MM:** Yes. I haven't actually read most of them. I don't even reread them, so I find it very difficult to answer questions about the books. I don't know what people are talking about most of the time.

**MM:** How about the *Dancers at the End of Time* books?

**MM:** About two or three weeks apiece.

**MM:** I'm sure *Gloriana*, which is a relatively lengthy and complex book, wasn't banged out like the others.

**MM:** No, that took six weeks. But that was only the first draft; the second took another three (laughter). I do tend to write very quickly once I'm working, but it takes quite a long time to conceive the things. Once it's conceived and I've got the style set and tone right, I find I can write very quickly. It's a peculiar method; most people don't work the way I do.

> I write fast—early on, when I was writing stuff like the Runestaff books, I reckoned if you couldn't write it in three days it shouldn't be written.

**MM:** Tell us about *Byzantium Endures*.

**MM:** It's the first of three or four books I'm writing which are an attempt to deal in my own way with the Holocaust. I've never read anything in fiction that satisfactorily, for me, deals with that event, and it's something that continues to horrify me. It's very electrical—the approach is somebody who is denying throughout the entire book that they're Jewish. It's an extremely ambitious project, which, if it doesn't come off, will leave me looking like a fool.

# GOG RULE

Coiled up to your Trinitron, the electrons pulsing with light, you stare at a blonde Kim Cattrall mauled by a drooling, shredded monster, while a smiling tribe of tarot creatures worships in the fog. It's Russell Mulcahy's "Draw of the Cards." While film's painted look tells you abstract horror ("It's only a movie . . ."), the mind, conditioned by TV news horror scenes and the intimacy of eye-to-tube, associates video with reality—unavoidable and therefore potentially more dangerous.

Music-video imagery has exploited this new dimension in video horror, as in the crash-angled close-ups of orbed-eyed Children of the Damned descendants in the Boomtown Rats' "I Don't Like Mondays" (directed by David Mallet), and the bobbing, knife-wielding figures in Landscape's "Norman Bates" (directed by Brian Grant), which referentially evokes Psycho (in black-and-white, of course).

Now there's **Gog**, the first original home video horror feature (thirty minutes). Adapting the battle legend of an ancient English giant (circa 1600), **Bruce Wooley**—coauthor of the Buggles' music-video smash "Video Killed the Radio Star"—has written and directed an erratic monster epic of uneven proportions. Literally. Wooley's Gog models, as well as those of his brother Magog and the Warshipers, never quite achieve the pseudo-mythic size of those in classic Japanese thrillers. Yet they have a unique motion and look created by an image processed film-to-tape transfer and computerized editing. Gog's saturation of colors, time-lapse digital effects and popping keyboard soundtrack deliver chilling moments of blinking electronic light-imagery. Horror hits home.

(Bruce Wooley's Gog is available by mail order only from: 79 Victor Road, Teddington, Middlesex, England.)

—Alan Hecht
with Paul Kinder

# Dig Dug

DIG DUG VIDEO GAME ©1982, BY ATARI, INC.
DIG DUG GAME REVIEW ©1982, BY JOHN HOLMSTROM

MANY EDUCATORS AND PARENTS BELIEVE THAT VIDEO GAMES CAN BE GOOD FOR CHILDREN. THEY DEVELOP EYE-HAND COORDINATION, IMPROVE MEMORY SKILLS, AND INTEREST YOUNGSTERS IN COMPUTERS.

DIG DUG IS GOOD FOR KIDS. THEY GET HIGH PLAYING IT, WHICH MIGHT EXPLAIN WHY ITS CURRENTLY RATED NUMBER ONE IN PLAYMETER, THE "BIBLE" OF THE ARCADE INDUSTRY.

DIG DUG IS NOT THE FIRST VIDEO DOPE. SPACE INVADERS' MAIN APPEAL WAS THE EFFECT OF ITS AURAL AND VISUAL ATTACK. PLAYING MR. DO AS PAC-MAN IS SIMILAR TO DOING A LITTLE COKE, OR EVEN A PEPSI.

DIG DUG'S HAPPY ORGAN MUSIC PRODUCES TIME DISTORTION BECAUSE OF ITS "TRANCE-LIKE MONOTONY. EATING THE BONUS CARROT, MUSHROOM, OR WATERMELON SATISFIES HUNGER. BLOWING UP THE RED MONSTERS IS NICE, LIKE POPPING ZITS, WHILE DROPPING ROCKS ON THE DRAGONS IS ALMOST AS MUCH FUN AS CUTTING UP FROGS.

YOU DON'T NEED ZITS, FROGS OR EVEN PEPSI TO ENJOY DIG DUG—IT'S A GAS!

—JOHN HOLMSTROM

# Chain Mail

Dear People

I wish to h you guys would put together a book of "Rock Opera" to date and with snippets in italics of current reviews as how it's about the best thing in your mag. It certainly the best continuing series by far most of the others of which have been pointless, rambling, non sequitur free association as far as so-called story line is concerned, & constitutes a pretty good argument that some of your artists should be forbidden by law from so much as writing down two words apiece to each other but I'm forgetting that I ain't here to complain, & that also wanted to give a nice weak, kiddy, type punch in the shoulder to the folks responsible for "Life at the Circus"—(July) really weird art & good strong stories that Kierkegaard doesn't know when to stop!

Scott Ragland
Portland, Oreg.

*'Rock Opera' will be continuing in the back pages of HM forever probably. The strip suits all the Americana sensibility of HM better than anything else in the magazine. It takes its cue from its daytime TV mawkishness continually*


"Wonderful adventure, great characters—a masterpiece by a super-writer from the 'Golden Age.'" A E van Vogt

A huge (800+ pages) slugfest. Hubbard celebrates fifty years as a pro writer with light plotting, furious action, and flavorful fun entertainment. —Kirkus Reviews

If you like Heinlein, you'll like Hubbard. Publishers Weekly

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*swell guy and all, but I can't understand a word he writes then or now. Then you dropped the columns altogether which I hated. Now they're back, which is great. Have you seen a doctor about these mood swings?—ed.* but the focus seems to be on music, pop culture, and fashion and (ick) sex and stuff. Which to me is crapola (I'm thirty-two, if that matters). I'd like to see more printed stuff on the subject of graphics, comic art and the artists, also reviews of sf books and movies (given as in the old columns. All this new-wave stuff bores me to tears and I never read it. Don't you think that most people who buy the magazine do so because they are interested in comic art. I can't for the life of

'Rock Opera' is about the best thing in your mag.

story. But who the f— finished Jeff Jones on the head in that movie has forgot how to draw? He used to be one of the best. Maybe you here to complain after all.

Karl Bunker
Boston, Mass.

*HM*,

Please send my pain. Leave that festering boil on your pages! Pop that infected sac. Amputate that gangrenous limb. Discard the dead piece of shit! Pluck out those offending eyes! STOP "ROCK OPERA" NOW! Please!

J. Calabrese
Elmira, N.Y.

Dear *HM*

How long will "Rock Opera" be continuing in the back pages of *HM*? Even Moebius and Jodorowsky had enough sense to cut off "The Incal Light" (for the second time), but it seems that Kierkegaard doesn't know when to stop!

Kierkegaard doesn't know when to stop!

Dear *HM* People

I've been a faithful reader of *HM* since the first year. Why do I always hear Jaws-like chords of suspense down when a letter begins this way—? and a subscriber since the second year, as I've followed the changes you guys've undergone pretty carefully. When you first started the columns a few years back, it was great—all book reviews, movie reviews, articles on comic art, a whole series on underground—that was great! Then you started slipping in columns by Lou Stathis ("All the columns begin together in the January '80 issue—Ed.), who is probably a

me figure out where Lou Stathis comes into all this. (Sorry, Lou.) *Yeah, I'll bet you are.—Ed.*

S. Hagman
Newton Upper Falls, Mass.

*Then all this was more stuff here was both sudden and urgent to me. Pop music might seem to symbolize the most shallow and evasive means of cross-cultural communication we've got. That was or might be how they'd unfortunately operate here under the assumption that it was like what HM—comics are about, we'll probably also dig some of the other interesting stuff editor wants at the editors' underbelly. Am I wrong?—Ed.*

"LIKE QUEEN MAB WANDERING IN THE EGYPTIAN UNDERWORLD I HAD BEEN STRIPPED OF MY HELMET LAYER BY LAYER AND I WAS DOWN TO BRONZE. BAUDELAIRE ART THAT THE DYNAMITING OF VENOMS AND THE FORGING OF WEAPONS."

ARTISTE
JANE BACHEY BARNES

# STARSTRUCK - BOOK ONE

PLOT BY ELAINE LEE AND M.W. KALUTA

WRITTEN BY ELAINE LEE

ILLUSTRATED BY M.W. KALUTA

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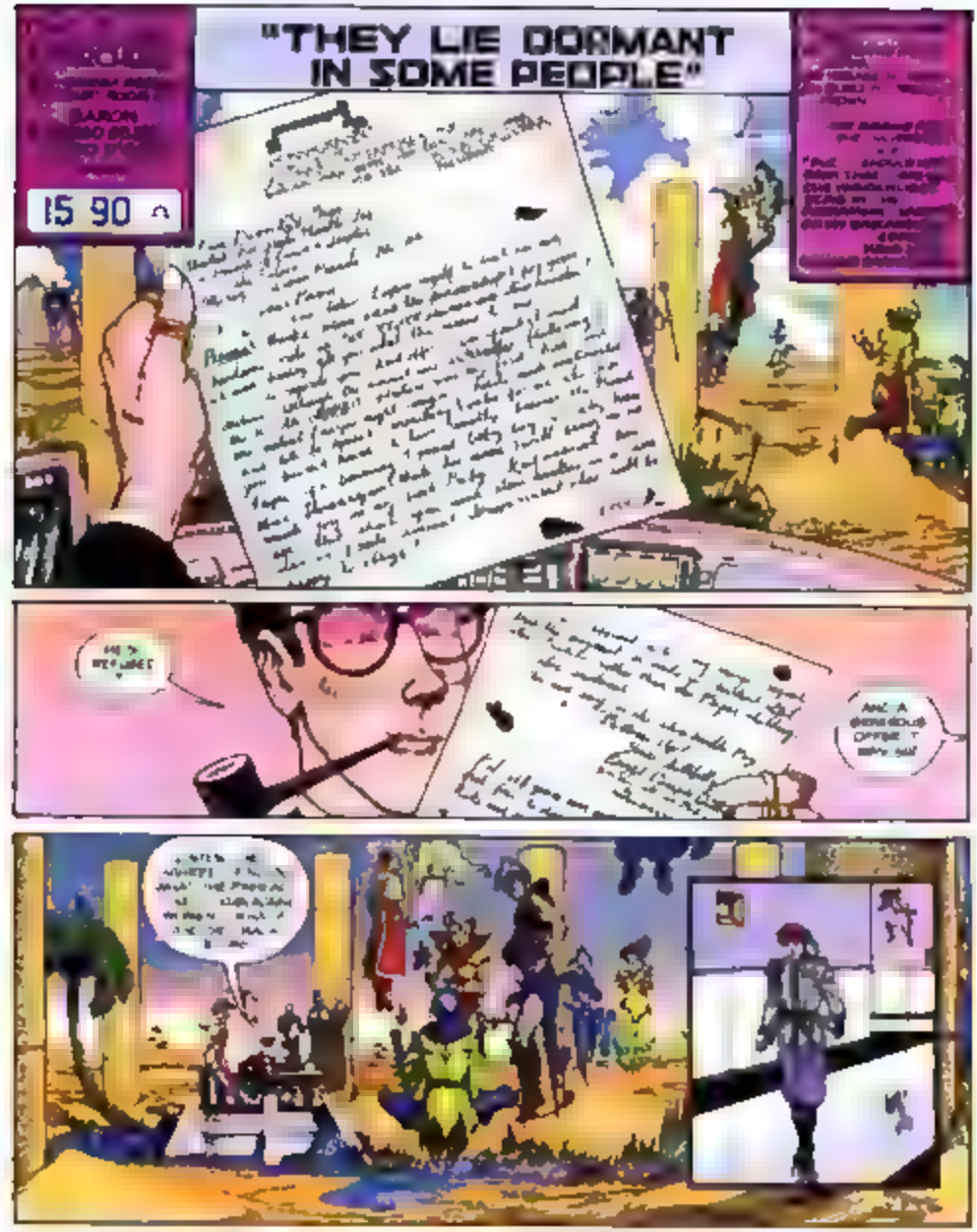
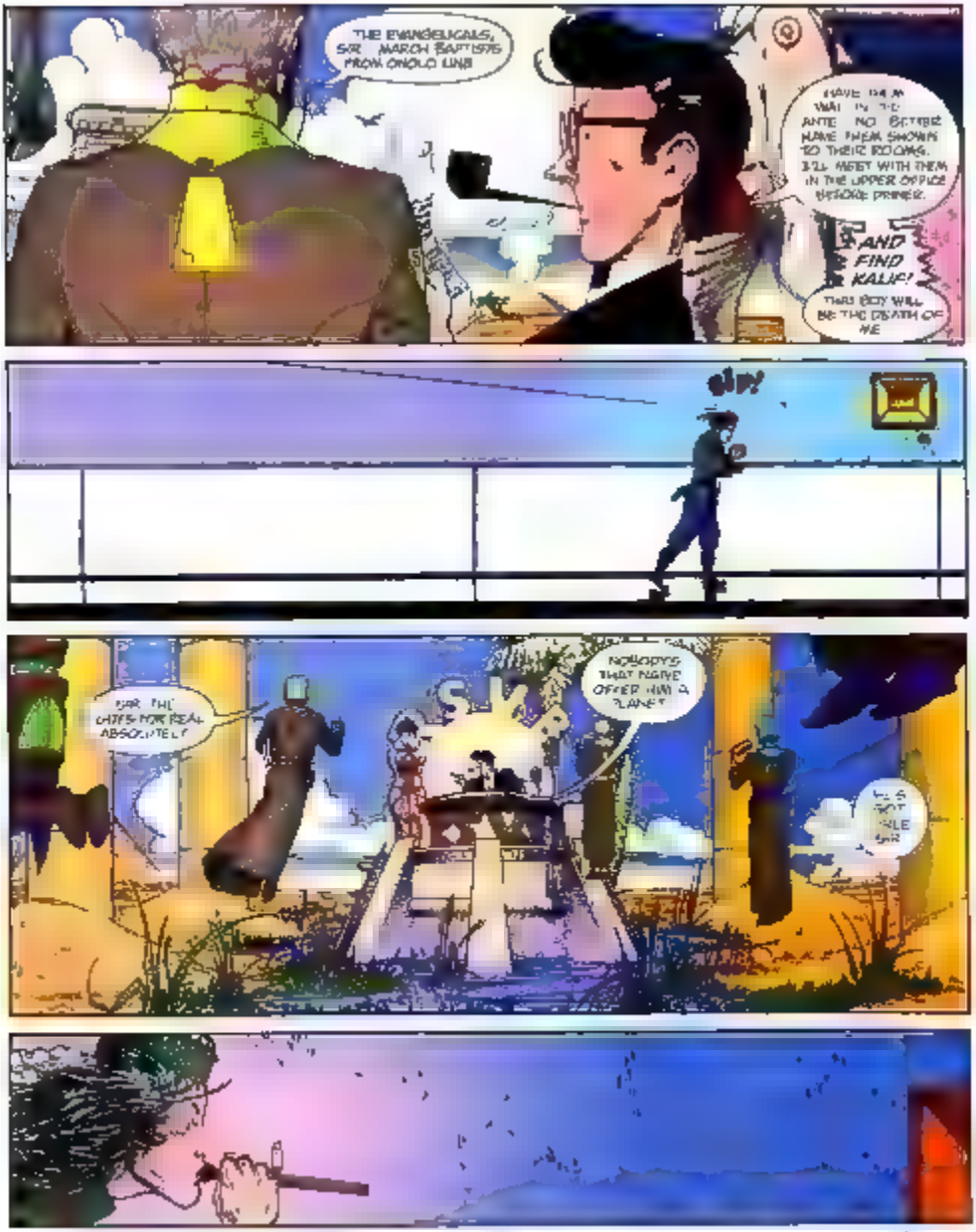
BASED UPON THE STAGE PLAY BY ELAINE LEE, NORMAN LEE, AND DALE PLACE

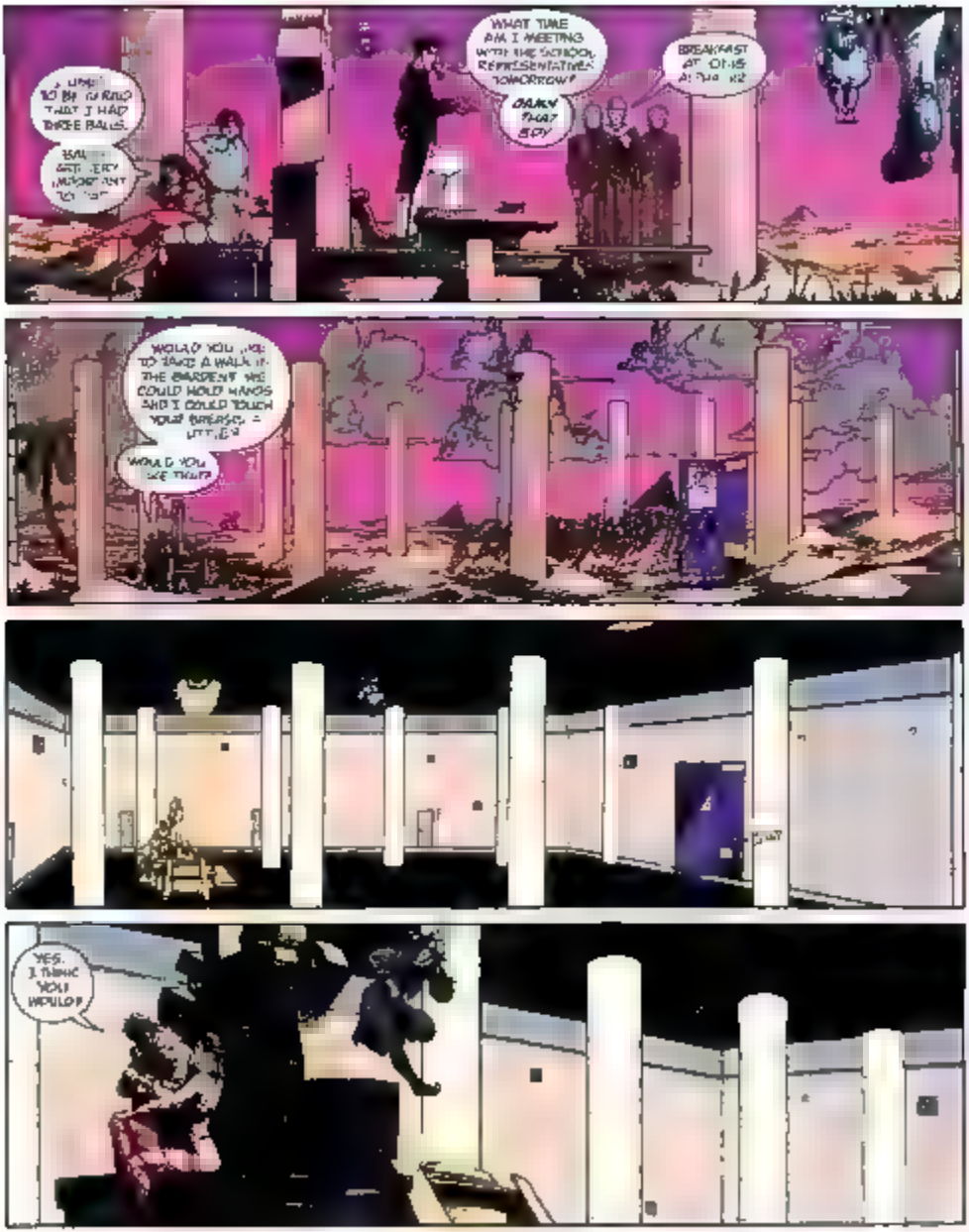

"THEY LIE DORMANT IN SOME PEOPLE"
15 90


THE EVANGELICALS, SIR. MARCH BAPTISTS FROM ONOLO LINE
HAVE THEM WAIT IN THE ANTE NO. BETTER HAVE THEM SHOWN TO THEIR ROOMS. I'LL MEET WITH THEM IN THE UPPER OFFICE BEFORE DINNER.
AND FIND KALIE!
THIS BOY WILL BE THE DEATH OF ME
SLAM!
NOBODY'S THAT NATIVE OFFER HIM A PLANET
HE'S NOT TALE SIR

SPLOOSH

KALI!
"IF YOU WOULD BE SO KIND, ETC ETC ETC YOU KNOW WHAT TO SAY
MEN! HOW NICE SHE LOOKED AT THE WEEK WAS THAT THING?
BRAKING? SIR
OUI, YOU PREFER IL VA APRES JOI SON!
I'VE TAKEN CARE OF IT
I HEARD THE SOUND OF GOLF

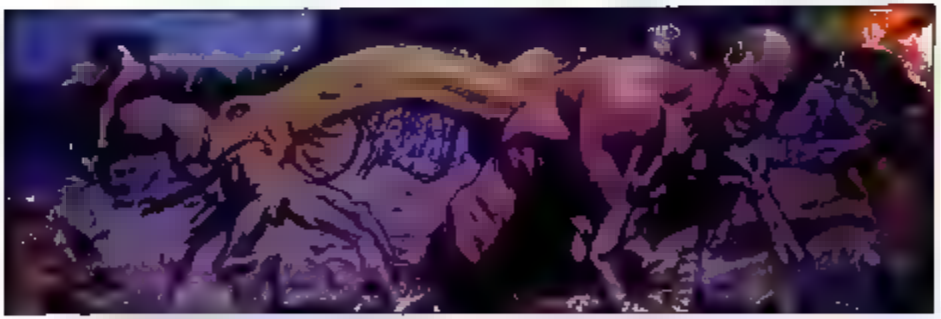
PARDON SIR?
I KEPT HEARING THE WORDS "REMOVE LIVER CARCINOMA" I'M A GREAT FRIEND OF RELIGION, DEVA.
SOON I GET YOU AFTERNOON GUARD DAY YOU L
I GUESS THE BOY IS NOT WORKING OUT THE WAY I'D PLANNED.
NOT THE WAY I PLANNED
OH AND CONTACT GRENNAN FROM L.MING DOLL CYBERNETICS.
I COULD SHOW YOU MY COLLECTION WOULD YOU LIKE THAT?
I WORK TO COLLECT BUGS. BU DAD SAYS THAT'S SISSY
NOW I FOR LI VITAL ORGANS OF HOMOSEXUAL SPECIES
DAD TOOK ME ON A HUNTING TRIP TO NEW SIBERIA. IT WAS SO COLD THAT MY BALLS DISAPPEARED AND I MOANED THEY WERE GONE FOREVER AND I STARTED TO CRY AND TOLD DAD THAT MY BALLS WERE GONE AND HE WAS SO MAD THAT HE LOCKED ME IN THE ROOM WITH MY COLLECTION OF VITAL ORGANS FOR THREE WEEKS UNTIL AND I THREW UP
I WAS NINE
HEY WHAT KIND OF OTHER WE CAN GET FROM HANDY ANDY
HEAVY METAL

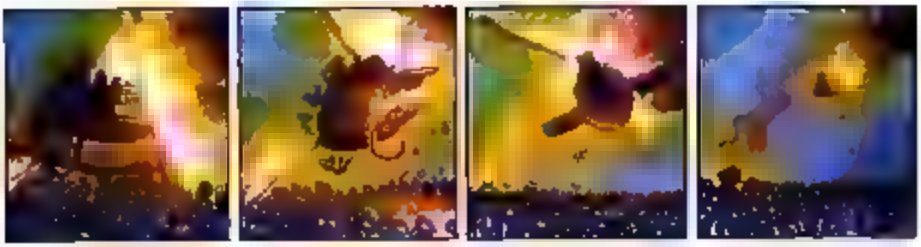

I HAVE TO BE AFRAID THAT I HAD THREE BALLS.
WHAT TIME AM I MEETING WITH THE SCHOOL REPRESENTATIVES TOMORROW?
OKAY, THAT BOY
BREAKFAST AT 07:45 AM
WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE A WALK IN THE GARDEN? WE COULD HOLD HANDS AND I COULD TOUCH YOUR BREAST. A LITTLE.
WOULD YOU LIKE THAT?
YES. I THINK YOU WOULD!

TO BE CONTINUED

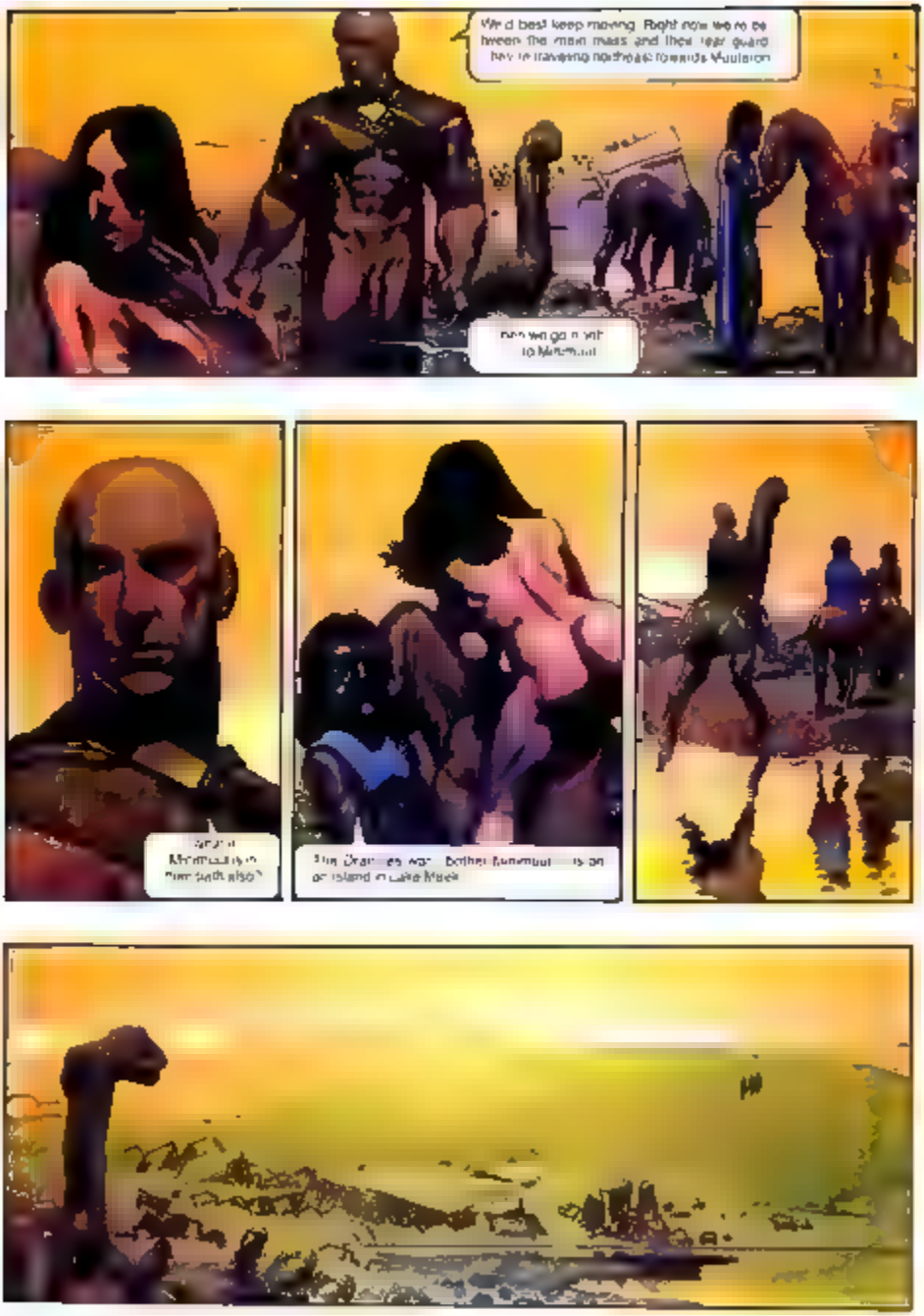
# DEN II

Last issue, Den had angered the Dragnis tribe and found Akada. As they pursued him to the volcano Mu'ah, the Dragnis leader, Dragnar,

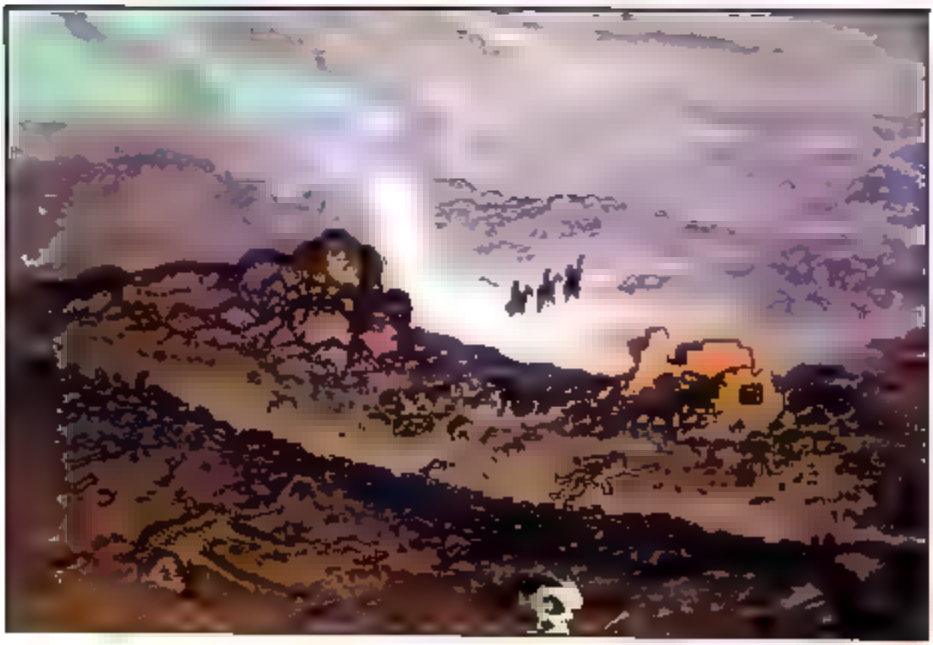


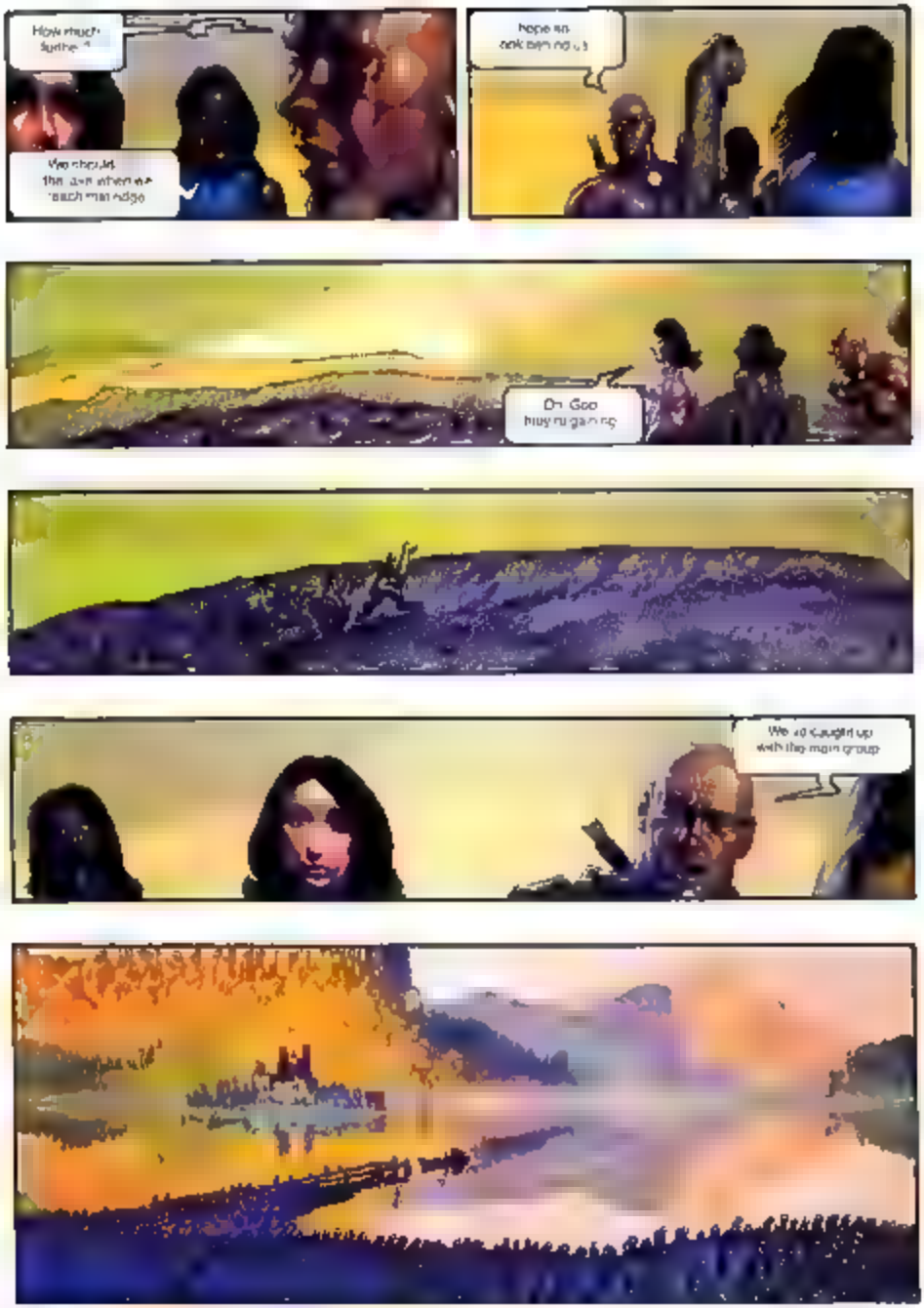


What makes them do that? never knew
That's what
DEAD!
That was over the main group! It was just a
Was you sad
But why?


We'd best keep moving. Right now we're between the main mass and their rear guard. They're traveling northeast towards Mundarion.
Mundarion?
What is Mundarion?
The Dreamless war. Brother Dunmoul is on an island in Lake Mirek.

The rainy season brings the most desperate and deepest the land seems.
The Dinka's passed the years several times plagued of us. The land there has begun to recover. Now we are closer to them. The result of their feeding is fruit!




How much further?
We should be there when the sun reaches that ridge
I hope so. Ask again in an hour
Oh God they're gaining
We've caught up with the main group

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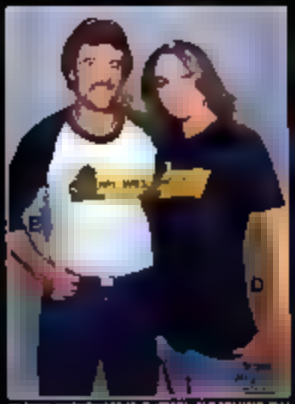

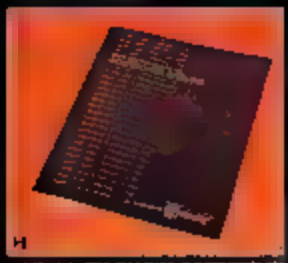


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AND FASTER
BUT IF I ACCELERATE CAN'T
STAND UP HARDLY MOVE AT ALL
ONLY ALL OF GRAVITY PUTS THE BRAKE ON ALL THINGS BUT KNOWN BY GETS STRONGER THE LONGER YOU GET

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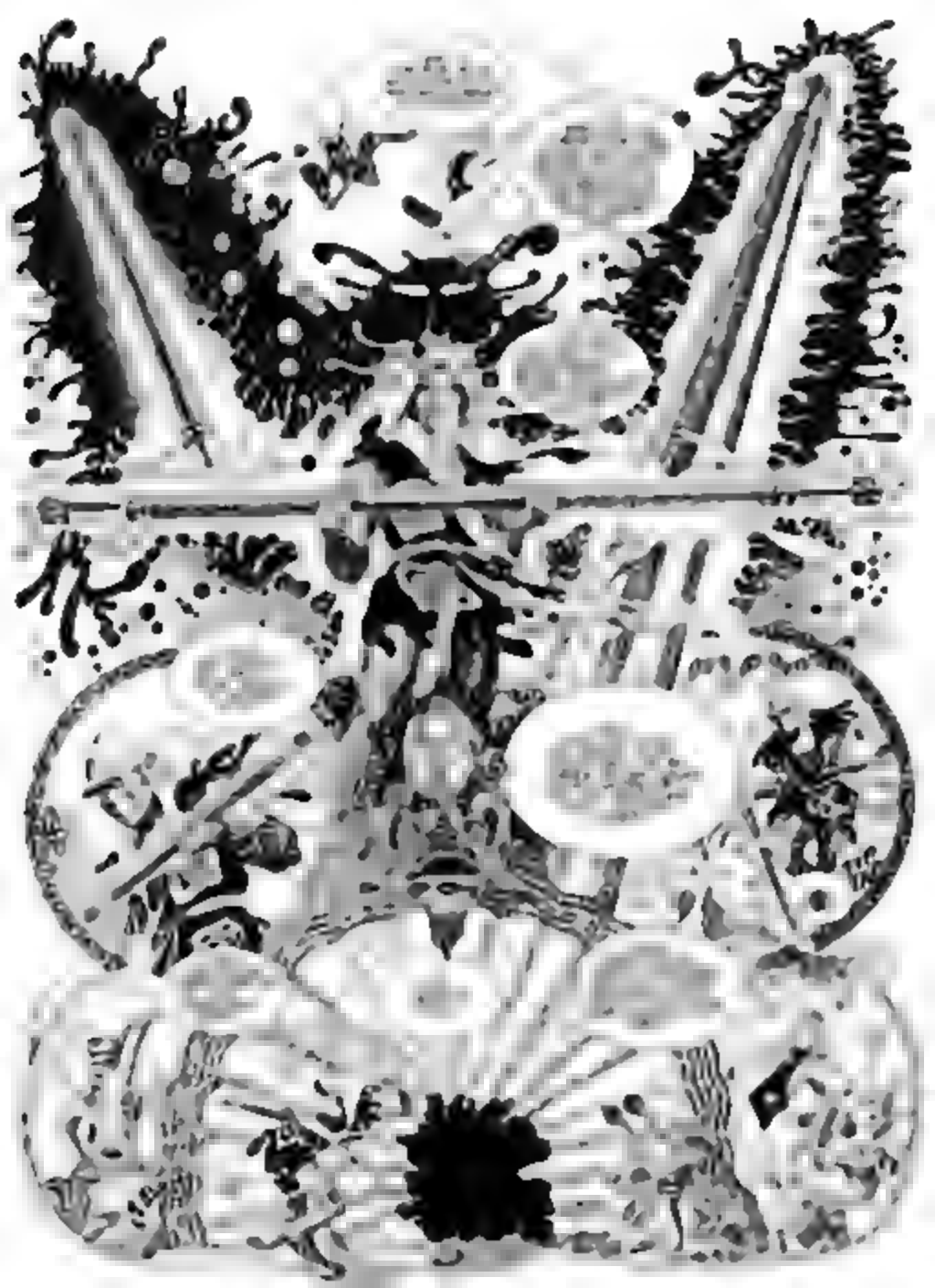


I'm singing in the rain

AH THE WISE OLD HERMIT
GOOD THE OLD MAN IS HERE
THE WISE OLD MAN WHO LIVES IN A CAVE ON THE HILL
HAPPY AND HE HAS BETTER THINGS WITH HIS LIGHT THAN KINGS HAVE THE LUXURY TO FOR OLD M
I AM HONORED YOU KNOW
WHAT PLEASE YOU TO BE WHY DID YOU TOOT
I DON'T WANT TO LIVE FOR EVER TOO LONG
HH...
WHAT DID YOU SAY? OH YOU THANK YOU
HEY WHERE ART YOU TALKING ME?

KINGD
DEATH
IF THIS IS THE KINGDOM OF YAMA, SAVIOR OF DEATH
YEAH, AND YOUR LIFE ON EARTH IS UP
I'M IMMORTAL
I HAVE STUDIED, AND NOW I AM IMMORTAL, AND FRANKLY, I DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT YAMA
EXCUSE ME FELLAS, BUT I DON'T DIE THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME MISUNDERSTANDING
I AM NO LONGER MADE UP OF THE FIVE ELEMENTS
STOK
GAAH!
SQUOSH
UHG
I WANT TO KNOW WHO THE HELL THIS GUY THINKS HE IS
JUDGE OF FIRE AND DEATH! A GOD WITH A HAIRY FACE IS ENTERING YOUR CHAMBER! WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
LET HIM ENTER

TO BE CONTINUED

# Gallery: THE SECRET

© 1995 THE SECRET PUBLICATIONS INC.

Transcribed and published by John Ridge Publishing

H[illegible] shape. The treasure hunt madness of *Masquerade* [illegible] British book which armed England into a global [illegible] stainless steel as part of a new American book [illegible] *The Secret* a *Treasure Hunt*.

The [illegible] paperback [illegible] published in November. $9.95, $10.95 [illegible] collectors' bundle all of *Heavy Metal* veterans [illegible] summer [illegible] Ted Mann of *NatLamp* Magazine [illegible] Fabian Trillang. January 1979. Imagine

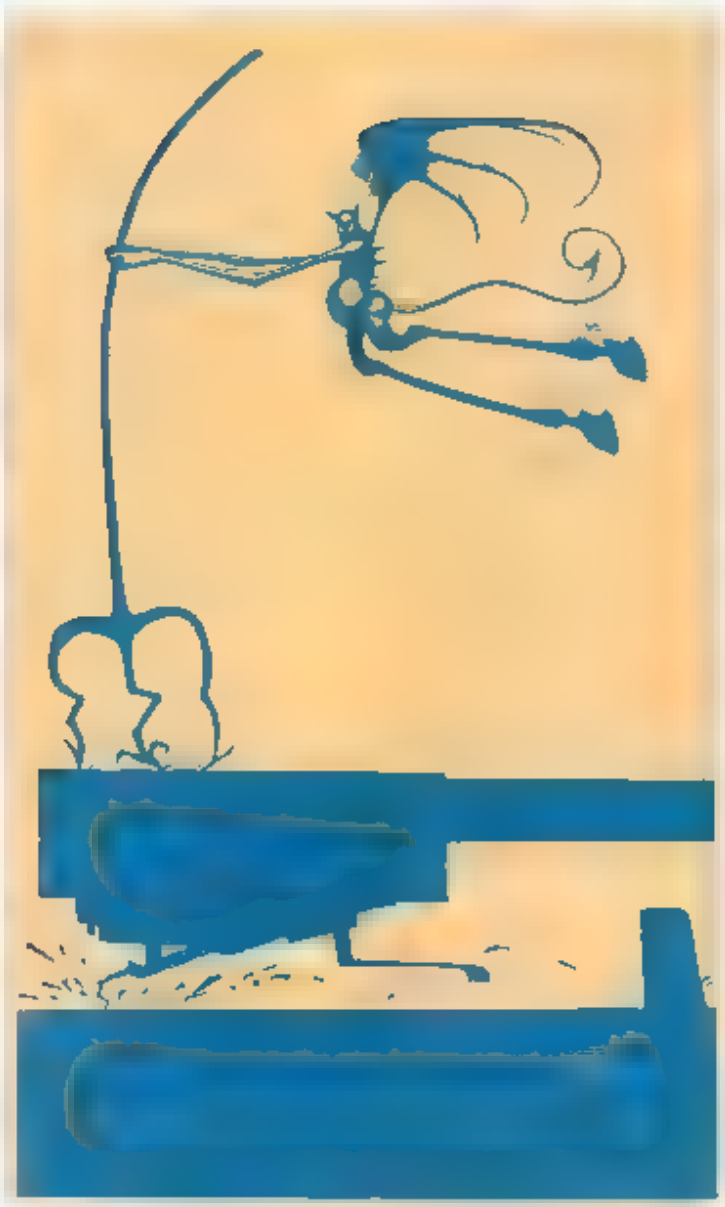
fan ast bo k p ridu r 3 Pr ss and a tr e phenomenal illustrators John Jude Palencar whose full color paintings grace this article' g ld Portals and Otherworld Lovd.

N w me bu *twelv* treasures have been hidden across the United States and Canada as part of this epic treasure hunt. All the reader needs to do to find each of them is to correctly combine one of the twelve paintings in the book with one of the treasure verses. *At the place where jewels abound/ Seven notes down in the ground.* etc.

The treasures collectively worth over $10,000 in precious jewels are hidden in hand-painted, hand-cast treasure boxes designed by Ms. Trilling.

Perhaps the nicest thing about *The Secret* is the fact that the treasure hunt is only part of a larger mythology developed in the book. What *The Secret* purports to reveal is the modern story of

THE MAITRE D'EAMON



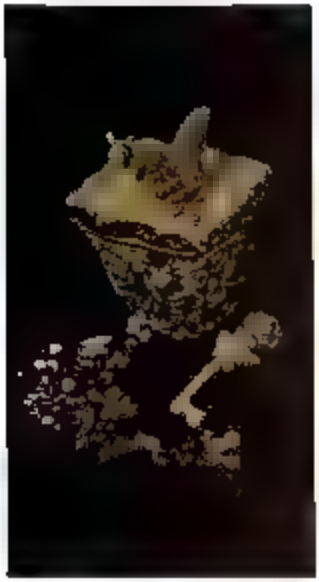
THE STYLUS DEVIL

THE TYPOGRAPHICAL TERRORS

the world's ecological creatures. What ca happened to the world's goblins, gnomes, fairies, pixies, elves, etc. after Man's civilization began to deserve the natural haven of best creatures -nature?

As the authors of *The Secret* see it, these creatures predating Man's immigration, headed for America (with their jewels) — where they could make their mischief in peace. Once settled, they mated. The results were some *extraordinary* descendants, to say the least. They might have slaves, hidden, or, had not Man arrived in the New World to screw things up again by wreaking havoc on America's forests, lakes, and skies.

With nature shrinking, the fairy creatures and their descendants were forced to make a deal with Man: they would give Man their precious, jeweled treasures if he could find them in exchange for the right to live and be seen among Man in peace.



*The Secret* is thus the pact between humanities and Man — the buried treasure to be found — their half of the deal. Man's half is keeping an eye out for all the furry creatures — such as the Maure Deamon who makes sure you get the table near the kitchen, the Stylus Devil who makes sure your turntable gears your rare *Rare LP* or two, and the Typographical Terrors who assault term papers and newspapers with equal ferocity. These and over seventy other creatures have been photographed in their "natural habitats" by Ben Asen, or represented in the art.

The descriptions of these creatures — Tupperwerewolves, Saucier's Apprentices, Elf S. Presley — form a very funny field guide to an entire mythological populace for America, and in the best populist American manner, the authors invite you to send in your own descriptions and drawings of other creatures.

It's quite an adventure.

LIZZIE
HIGH SCH
A Cut Above The Rest
LAMPOON'S
CLASS REUNION
WELCOMES
ART: [illegible] WRIGHTSON
LETTERING & COLORING
MICHELE WRIGHTSON

1972... LIZZIE BORDEN HIGH S ANNUAL SENIOR BEACH BASH
ATTABOY WALTER!!
MUH WALTER DRINK UP
NO-NO! GLUB GLUG NO!!
C MON WALTER CHUG CHUG CHUG!!
NO!! PLEASE GLUB
HERE, WALTER HAVE A HIT OF THIS SH SSSULDGES
DEATHE BREEPLY! WHOOOOSH!!
CHUG CHUG CH
TOKE TOKE
OKAY WALTER T ME O GET P
COME WITH ME WALTER THERE S SOMETHING I HAVE TO TELL YOU SOMETHING ABOUT MEREDITH
MUH MEREDITH?

THAT'S RIGHT, WALLY! LISTEN, I'VE BEEN TALKING TO HER AND SHE'S KIND OF HOT FOR YOUR BOD
MUH- MEREDITH MODESS? THE PROM QUEEN? MUH- NO KIDDIN'?
NO KIDDING WALTER
AS A MATTER OF FACT, GUY, SHE'S WAITING FOR YOU UP THERE IN THE CAR
SHE WANTS TO GIVE YOU A HAND!
NOW, SHE'S A LITTLE MODEST SO YOU'LL HAVE TO WEAR THIS
BUT DON'T FEEL LIKE AN ASS HOLE! SHE'LL BE WEARING ONE TOO
NOW GO GET HER YOU HORNY DEVIL!!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER
OH OH
WALTER? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
MUH MUH MEREDITH...
BU BU WHO...
APRIL FOOLS!!
I- OH NO!

OH MY GOD! MY TWIN SISTER!!
SHAME SHAME!
I'LL GET YOU I'LL GET YOU ALL!!
BOB SPINNAKER
HUBERT DOWNS
MEREDITH MODESS
CARL CLAPTON
GARY NASH
IRIS AUGEN AND ALL THE REST OF YOU!!

OH WALTER YOU'RE SUCH A TOOL
I'LL GET ALL OF YOU EVERYBODY! YOU HEAR?
EVERYBODY!!
LATER THAT NIGHT
EH HEH HEH EVERYBODY! HEE HEE HEE
WHO'S AT THE DOOR GEORGE?
WHY IS OUR SON WALTER JUNE
CREEAK
WHAT'S THAT HE'S HOLDING?
WHY IT APPEARS TO BE AN UPRIGHT VACUUM CLEANER
WALTER, WHAT ARE YOU- WALTER! NO! NOOOO!!
STILL LATER THAT NIGHT
C'MON KID EASY DOES IT
WE'RE GOIN FOR A NICE LITTLE RIDE WALTER
I'LL GET EVERYBODY! I'LL GET 'EM! HAH-HAH HAH!!

1982 HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE. WAUKEGAN ILL.
click
MAIL
You are invited to a Class Reunion
Class of 1972
MY REUNION. WHAT FUN!!

I HEH I DON'T THINK I'M BUSY SATURDAY NIGHT' HEH HEH HEH HAH!!
CRASH!!
AU REVOIR HEH HEH
CRASSH!!
HEH HEH-HEH
I'M COMING HEH-HEH HEH!
WALTER BAYLOR'S ON HIS WAY AND YOU ARE INVITED, TOO.
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# Prologue:

IT IS EARLY EVENING IN A LARGE SOUTHEASTERN CITY. THE DAY'S WARMTH HAS BEGUN TO YIELD TO THE CHILL OF NIGHT

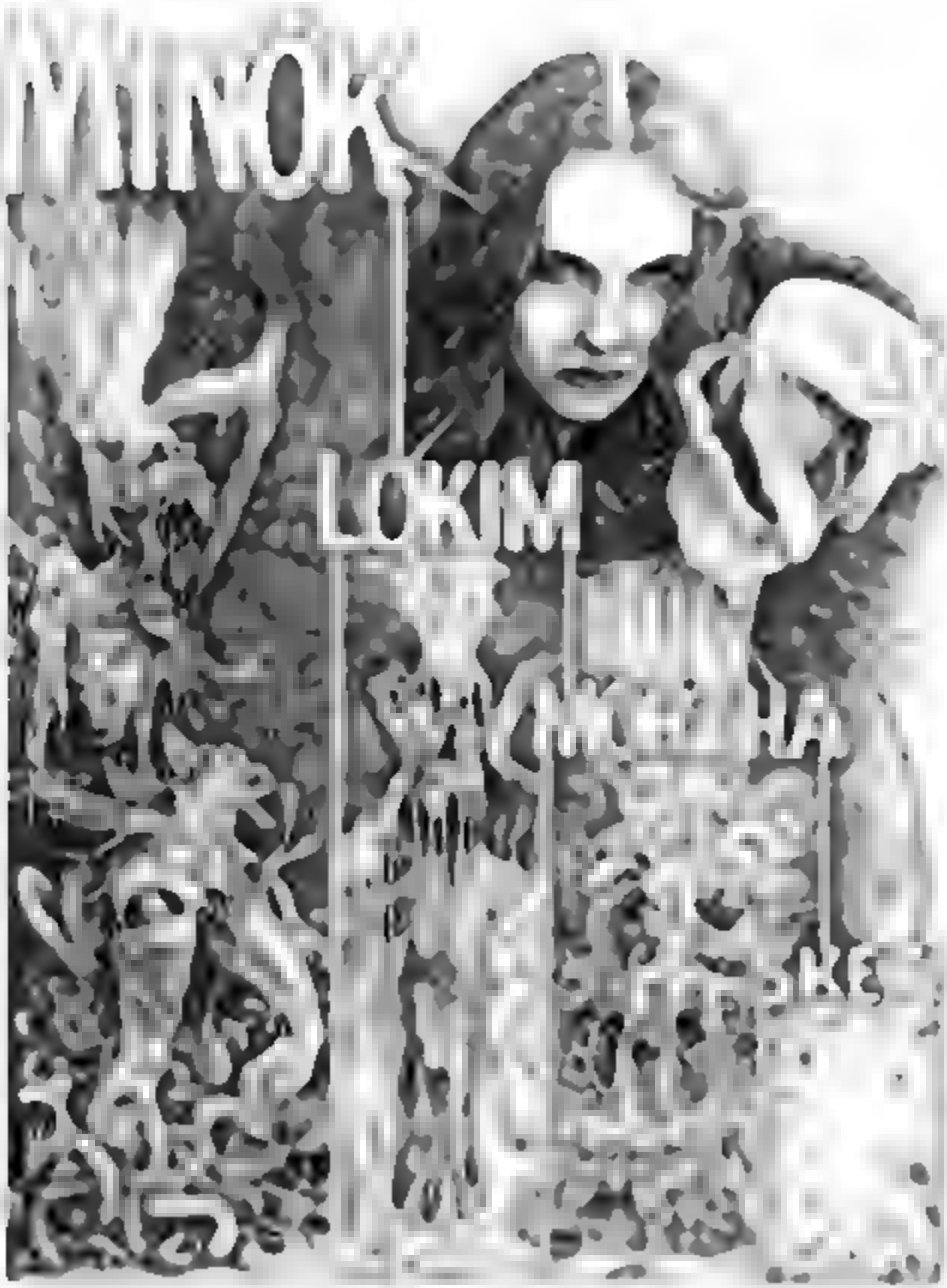
©1982 JOHN FINDLEY

BY THE TIME SHE GETS BACK I'LL HAVE EVERYTHING READY
GOTCHA!
NO USE STRUGGLIN MAN CAUSE I GOT LIKE SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH OKAY?
I GOT HIM SWEAT HE'S A PUSHOVER HOW WHAT?
OUCH!
HERD? SWEAT!!
JOHN IT'S THEM

OH! TOUGH GUY EH?
GIT IN THERE AN' START SCRIBBLIN' PIG-LATIN!
JUST A DARN MINUTE!!
LEAVE HIM ALONE, YOU, YOU BRUTE!
COOL IT, HERB! LET'S GET DOWN T' BUS NESS.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND
JEEZ, SHEAZ. CAN YA DIG IT? HE DON'T UNNERSTAND
WE'RE THE ONES YOU LEFT STRANDED DOWN IN THAT STINKIN' CANYON!
TH'ONE IN TH' CANYON
YEAH, WITH THAT SCARY VAMMERSHANT CREEP
THAT'S RIGHT WANGMAN'S CORNERS.
HOLD ON, PARDNERS.
LET ME FILL HIM IN
GARBAGE?!!
OOPS
SNIFF, MMM! SO IT'S YOU!
I THOUGHT T' WAS THE GARBAGE
I H BEEN MEANIN' T' MENTION THAT C-J
YOU, TOO?
HOLD T' WAIT A MINUTE. THIS IS NO I MUST BE DREAMING OR OR TRIPP NG SOMEHOW AM I T UNDER-STAND THAT YOU WANT ME TO WHAT? START WORKIN ON TEX ARCANA?
YOU GOT T' BRAIN BRA N WE LIKE WANT OUTA THERE NOW!

THE EARTH, TREMBLING IN THE
OMPANY
MERHANT,
HE INNOCENT FOLKS
IAH'S CORNERS
IDUS WOMAN
TEXARCANA

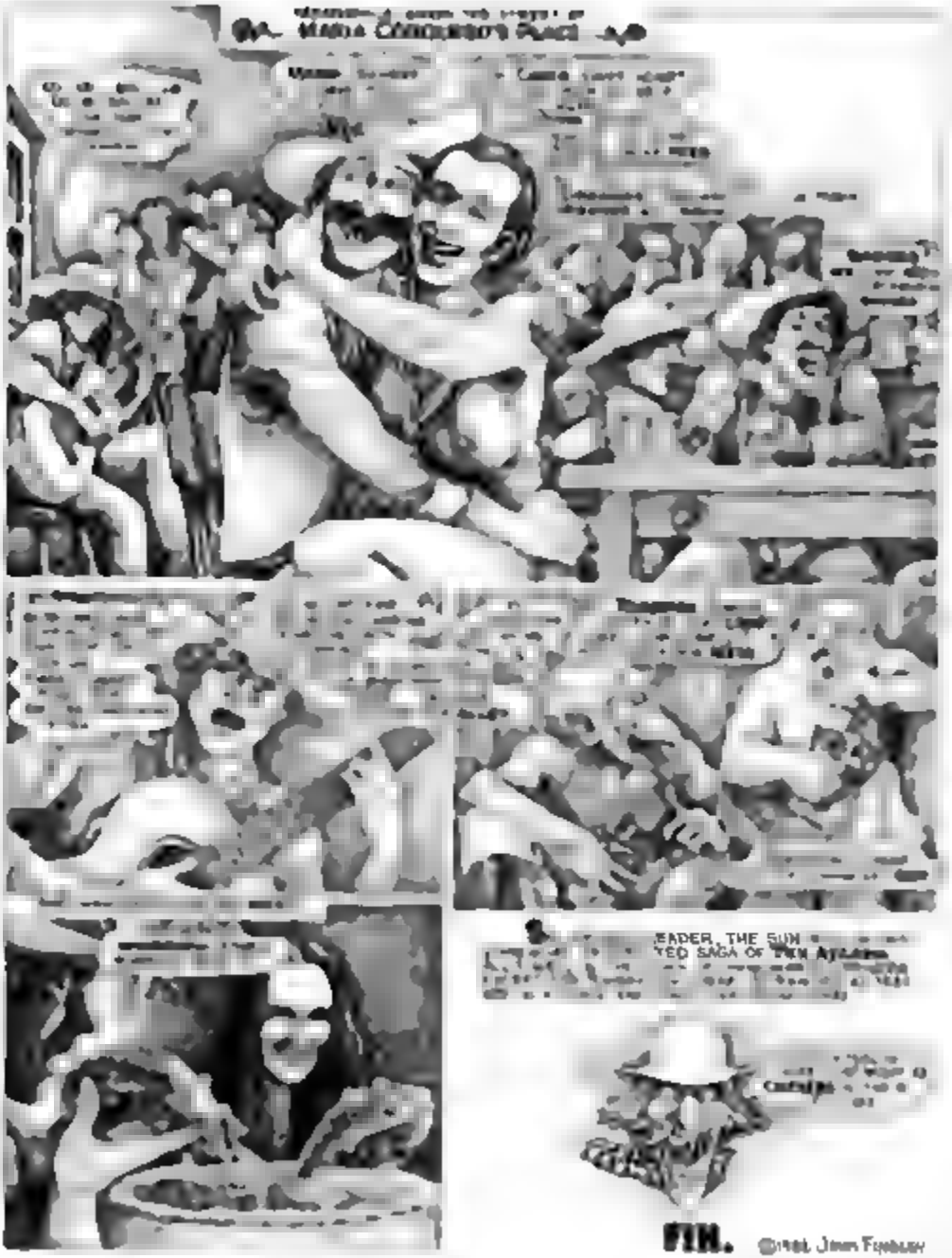
PLAM!
THAT'
PLAM!
PLAM!


MINOK
LOKIM

LORD GOD, SHERIFF!
HE BLOWED UP REAL GOOD!
YUCK!
SHUCKS, IT WEREN'T NOTHIN

SHERIFF?!!
MY ANTEDILUVIAN
ASS!
SHH!

( GO-OO GATE WHAT NOW ? )


FIN.
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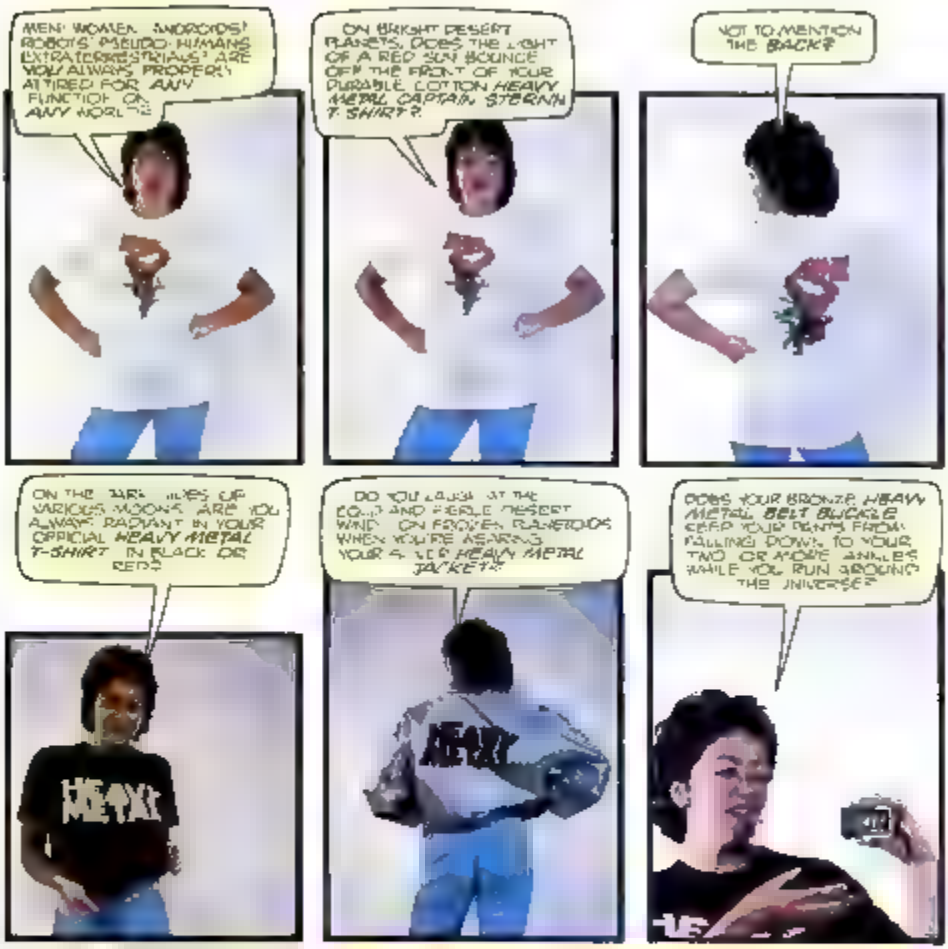
THE VOYAGE OF THOSE FORGOTTEN

WAIT!
AND THE SUPER WARRIOR

FIRE!

FIN


MEN! WOMEN! ANDROIDS! ROBOTS! PSEUDO-HUMANS! EXTRATERRESTRIALS! ARE YOU ALWAYS PROPERLY ATTIRED FOR ANY FUNCTION ON ANY WORLD?
ON BRIGHT DESERT PLANETS, DOES THE LIGHT OF A RED SUN BOUNCE OFF THE FRONT OF YOUR DURABLE COTTON HEAVY METAL CAPTAIN STERNN T-SHIRT?
NOT TO MENTION THE BACK?
ON THE MOONS OF VARIOUS MOONS ARE YOU ALWAYS RADIANT IN YOUR OFFICIAL HEAVY METAL T-SHIRT IN BLACK OR RED?
METAL
DO YOU LAUGH AT THE COLD AND FEARLESS DESERT WIND ON FROZEN PLANETOIDS WHEN YOU'RE WEARING YOUR 6.5 OZ HEAVY METAL JACKET?
METAL
DOES YOUR BRONZE HEAVY METAL BELT BUCKLE KEEP YOUR PANTS FROM FALLING DOWN TO YOUR TWO OR MORE ANKLES WHILE YOU RUN AROUND THE UNIVERSE?
METAL
WELL IF YOU HAD FOUR TENTACLES AROUND A PAIR OF SCISSORS AND CLIP THIS COUPON & ORDER YOUR HEAVY METAL APPAREL TODAY!
OR HOP IN A TIME MACHINE AND GO BACK AND ORDER HM-WEAR YESTERDAY!
METAL

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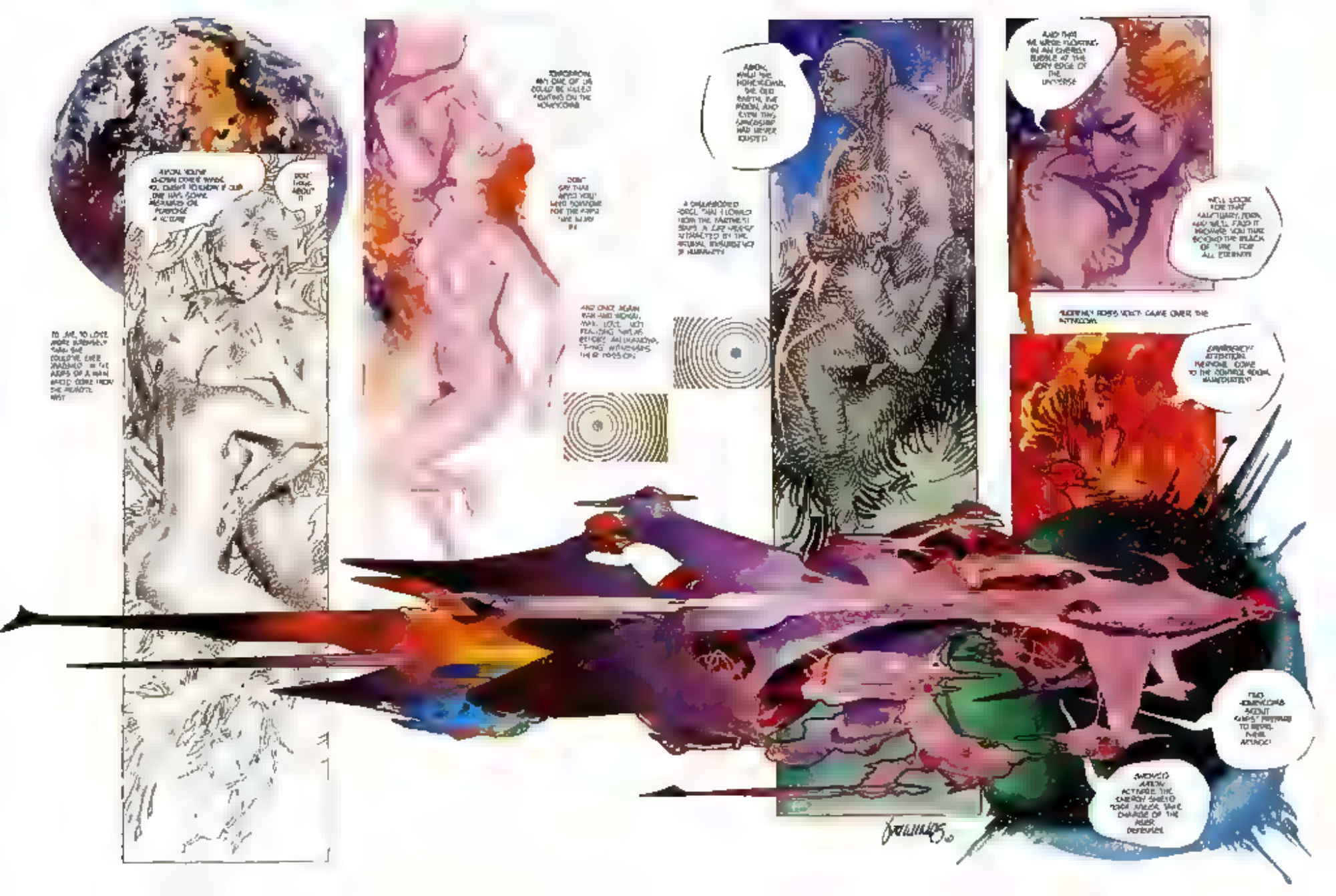
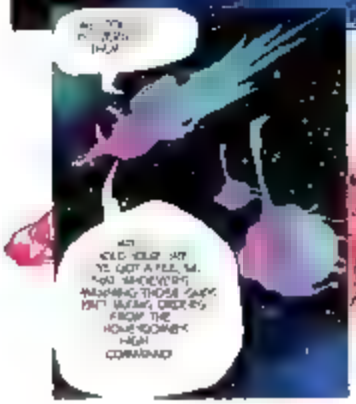
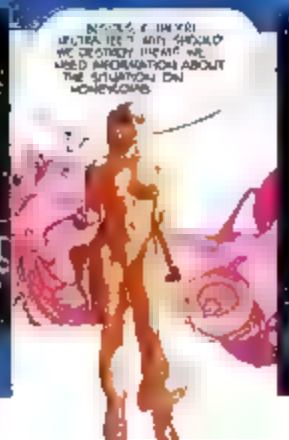
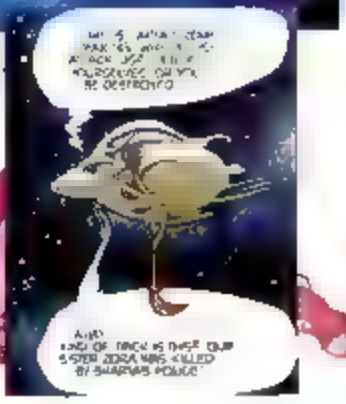

TO LIVE, TO LOVE, MORE BURDENED? THAN ONE COULD'VE EVER IMAGINED IN THE ARMS OF A MAN WHO'D COME FROM THE FUTURE JUST
DON'T KNOW ABOUT IT
TOMORROW, ANY ONE OF US COULD BE KILLED FIGHTING ON THE HOMEFRONT
JOIN? SAY THAT WHEN YOU'VE MET SOMEONE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE
AMEN, WHILE THE HOMEFRONTMAN, THE OLD EARTH, THE PRISM, AND EVEN THE SUPERSUIT HAD NEVER EXISTED
A CHILLINGCOLD CHILL RAN THROUGH THE PARTNERS SOUL A LIFE NEARLY ATTRACTED BY THE NATURAL BRILLIANCE OF HUMANITY
AND ONCE AGAIN RUN AND HIDING, WAR, LOST, WITH FEARING WHAT AS BEFORE, AN INVASION, TYING ATTENDANTS THE POSSESSION
AND THUS WE WERE FLOATING IN AN ENERGY BUBBLE AT THE VERY EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE
WELL, LOOK FOR THAT GALLIVANTY TEEN, AND WE'LL FIND IT WHOMEVER NOW THERE BEHIND THE BLACK OF TIME FOR ALL ETERNITY
ELECTRICITY ROSES NEXT CAME OVER THE INTERCOM
EMERGENCY? ATTENTION, MEMBERS COME TO THE COMMAND ROOM, IMMEDIATELY!
THE HOMEFRONTMAN AGENT KARA'S PREPARED TO REPEL THESE ATTACKS!
SUDDENLY ANTON ACTIVATES THE ENERGY SHIELD TEEN KARA, SAVE CHANGE OF THE ALIEN DEFENSES
DARKSEID

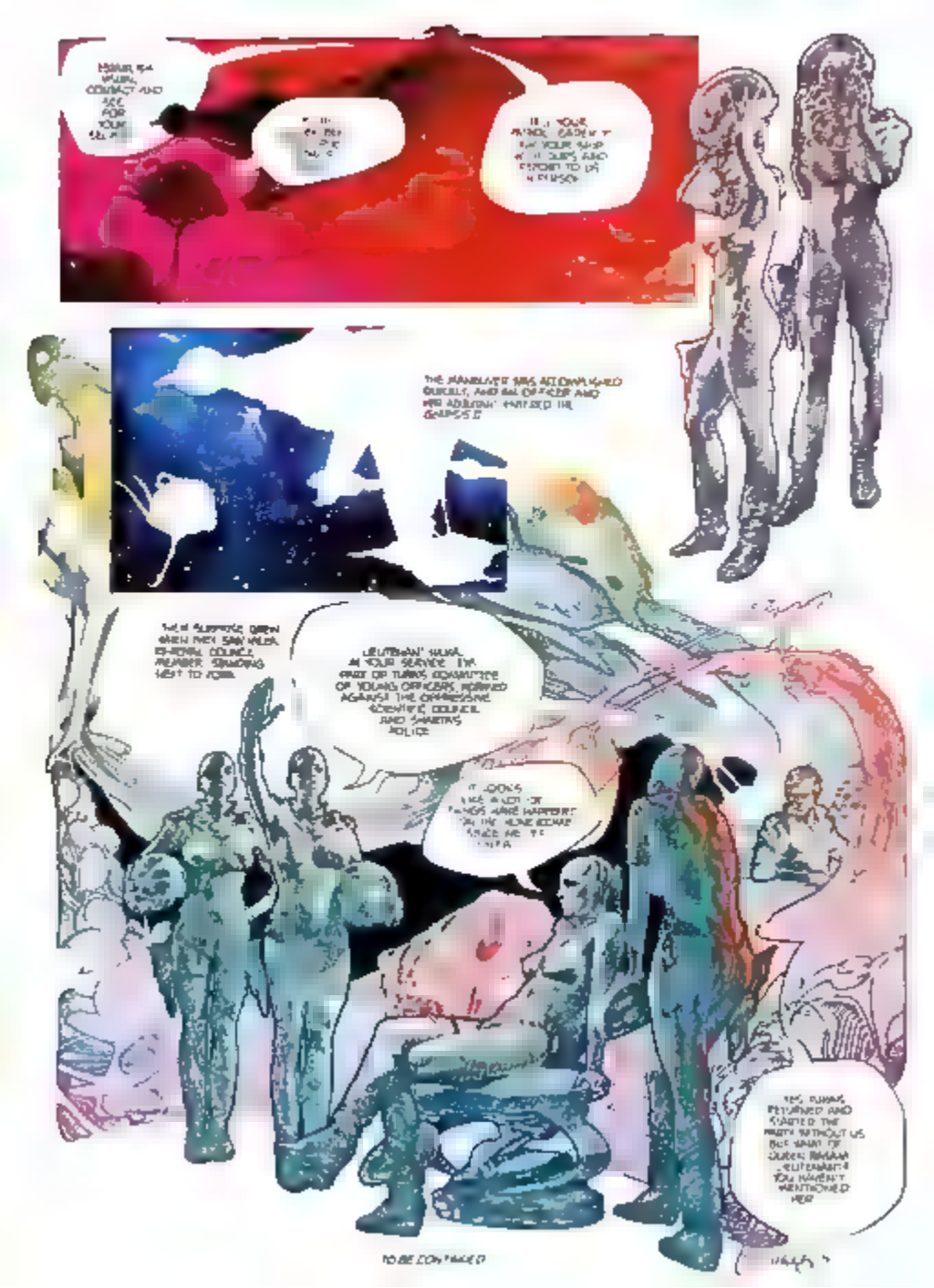
SHIELDS OPERATIVE AND WEAPONS READY.
IT'S STRANGE THAT THEY HAVEN'T ATTACKED US YET. I WONDER WHAT'S LOADING THE PROBE?
THEY'RE PROBABLY TRYING TO ANALYZE US.
IDENTITY UNCERTAIN. MAKE FIRST PART OF STANDARD SHUTDOWN PROCEDURE. AS FAR AS THEY'RE CONCERNED, EVERYONE'S THEIR ENEMY.

WE'VE DECIDED TO ATTACK NEGATIVE IMPACT ARMORED BY SHIELD IN SOME AREAS.
ROB, WE WANT YOU TO DISABLE THEM IN YOUR NEUTRAL FORCE [illegible]


[illegible] NOW.
AND KEEP YOUR EYE PEELED, M. AND REMEMBER, MAINTAINING THOSE FLEET UNITS WILL DEPEND FROM THE HOME ECONOMY HIGH COMMAND.


[illegible] ULTRA JET? WITH SHOULD WE DESTROY THEM? WE NEED INFORMATION ABOUT THE SITUATION ON HOMEWORLD.


[illegible] ATTACK AND KILL YOURSELVES, OR YOU BE DESTROYED.
AND KIND OF THING IS THESE OUR SISTER ZORA WAS KILLED BY SHARKAN POLICE.


THE MANDARIN SIRS ALL DISMISSED QUICKLY, AND ALL OFFICERS AND MR ADELPHI HURRIED THE GUARDS !!
LIEUTENANT VALKA, AT YOUR SERVICE. I'M ONE OF THREE COMMITTEE OF YOUNG OFFICERS, WORKED AGAINST THE OPPRESSIVE SCIENTIFIC COUNCIL AND SMARTIES POLICE
IT LOOKS LIKE A LOT OF THINGS HAVE HAPPENED IN THE NINE YEARS WHILE WE WERE GONE
YES, HUMAN RETURNED AND STARTED THE PARTY WITHOUT US BUT WHAT OF QUEEN RAHAAM LIEUTENANT? YOU HAVEN'T MENTIONED HER
TO BE CONTINUED

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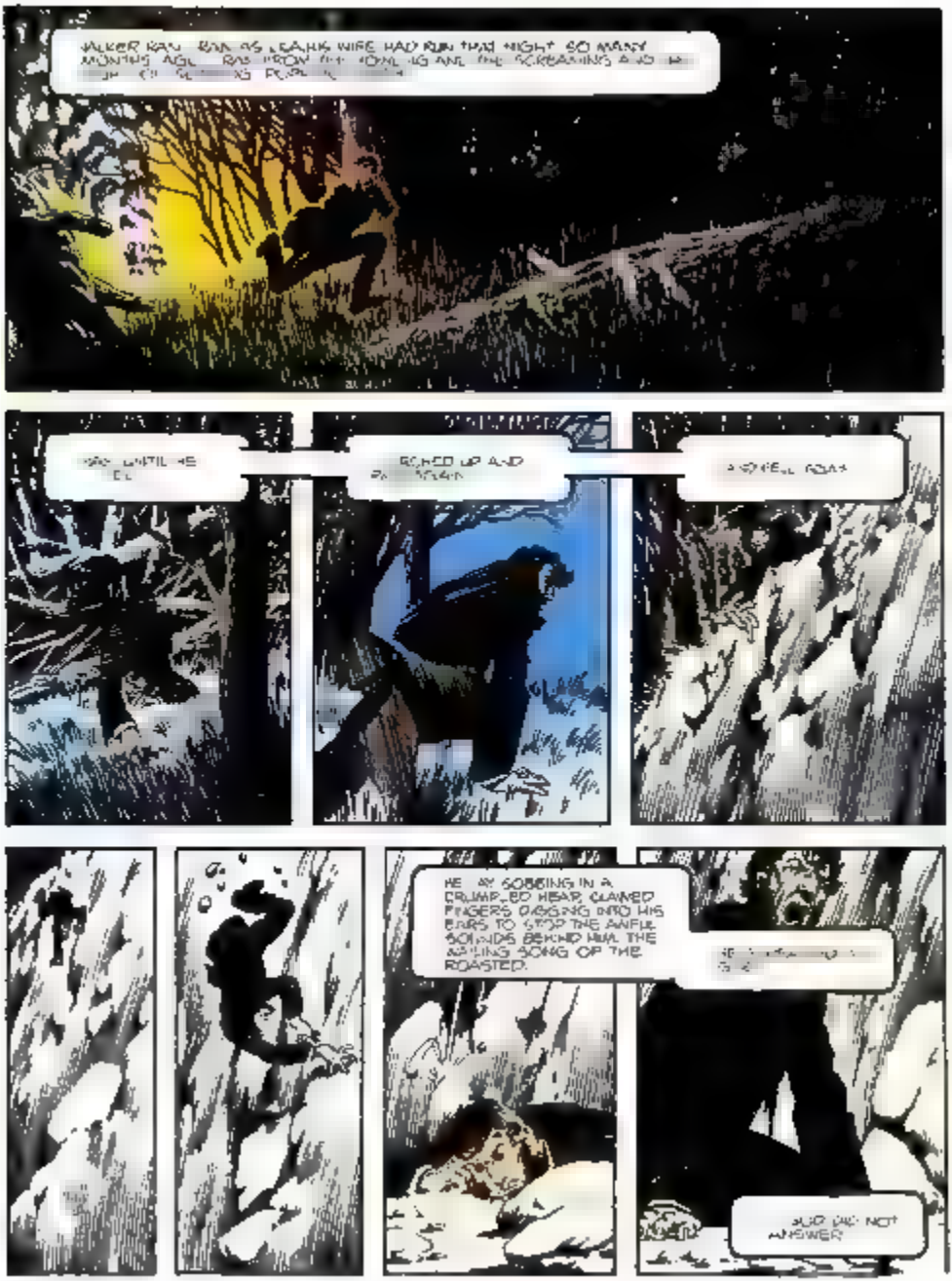
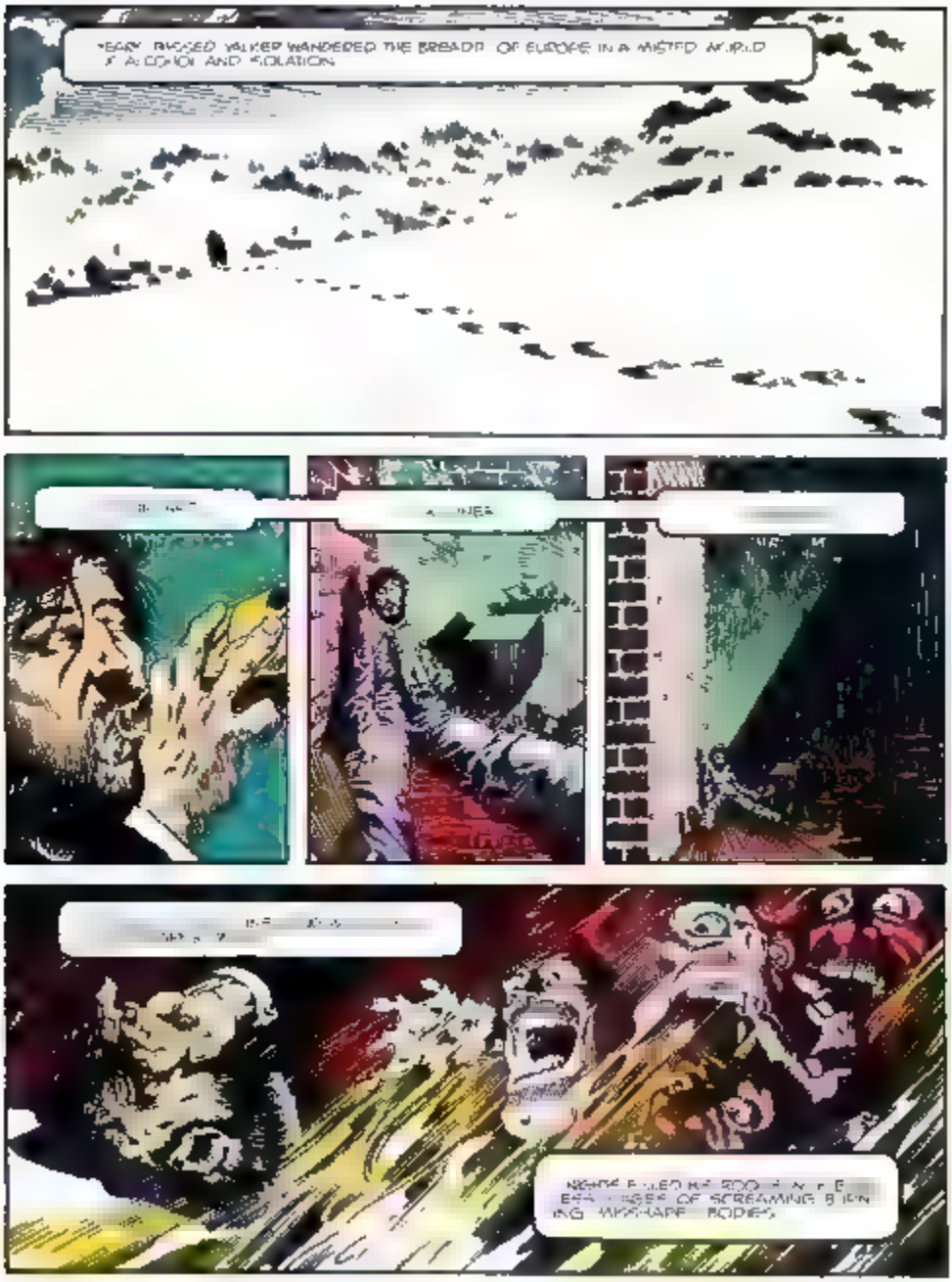
# FREAK SHOW

WHICH ONE!!!
WHICH ONE OF YOU MISERABLE CREATURES DEFILED THE MORNING STAR?
Pretches
HEH-HEH-HEH ROBIN HEH-HEH-HEH WON'T TALK
WON'T TALK?
HEH-HEH-HEH WELL WE'LL SEE

HAD A HOT TIME WITH HER DID YOU HAD A REAL HOT TIME?
WELL SEE HOW MUCH YOU LIKE IT ALL OF YOU
INSIDE INSIDE DAMN YOUR SOULS
MASTER NO
I SAID ALL OF YOU
MASTER PLEASE
PLEASE? HEH HEH PLEASE? IS THAT WHAT YOU SAID TO THE WHORING BITCH?
CLK
DID YOU? DID YOU? ASK HER "PLEASE?" HEH-HEH DID YOU?
HEH HEH

AS THE FLAMES LEAPT HIGH INTO THE NIGHT AND THE AIR WAS RENT WITH THE SCREAMS OF


WALKER RAN. RAN AS LEAKIN WIFE HAD RUN THAT NIGHT SO MANY MONTHS AGO. RAN FROM THE HOWLING AND THE SCREAMING AND THE
HE RAN UNTIL HE FELL
SCRAPED UP AND
A HOWL ROSE
HE WAY SOBBING IN A CRUMPLED HEAP, CLAWED FINGERS DIGGING INTO HIS EARS TO STOP THE AWFUL SOUNDS BEHIND HIM. THE WAILING SONG OF THE ROASTED.
AND HE NOT ANSWER


YEARS PASSED. VALKER WANDERED THE BREADTH OF EUROPE IN A MISTED WORLD OF ALCOHOL AND ISOLATION.

I NEED A DRINK
A-AN ANGEL COME TO CLAIM MY SOUL?
MEEP NO MORE LO

I AM
LOVE

# HEAVY METAL COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

**#1/APRIL 77** SORRY—SOLD OUT!

**#2/MAY 77** Russian astronauts Roger the bearded bubble! Con quering Armies the ultimate rock festival and more

**#3/JUNE 77** Macedo's Rock biz highly praised Sheila be ginning of Devil's World Apart Moebius Corben Bode more

**#4/JULY 77** Ode of Moebius' Ar zach part of The Long Tomor row conclusion of Sunpol

**#5/AUGUST 77** The saga of Polonius begins The Long To morrow concludes and World Apart and Den continue

**#6/SEPTEMBER 77** Roger Zelazny has a short story and Moebius a space opera plus more World Apart Den and Polonius

**#7/OCTOBER 77** Fiction by Theo dore Sturgeon Moebius' Airtight Garage Den and Polonius back again yet more

**#8/NOVEMBER 77** New Haitian Ethiopian fiction 9 color pages by Moe bius and Rimbaud conclusions to Polonius and World Apart

**#9/DECEMBER 77** Extra pages for the complete Vuzz by Druillet Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Weir plus full color Corben Mace do Clavelous and Moebius

**#10/JANUARY 78** Morrow illus trates Zelazny tale and Richard up date issues Conquering Armies concludes Den continues

**#11/FEBRUARY 78** New adven tures of Barbarella wraparound cover and artist spread by Nino plus Moebius Corben et al

**#12/MARCH 78** Swashbuckling Orion debuts birthday of Grey Mouser more Barbarella Urm and Den

**#13/APRIL 78** Our 1st annual sary issue A 30 page insert from Paradise 9 and Barbarella goes both while Den wraps up

**#14/MAY 78** Jim he Mad wizard Bradbury Sul Orion and Barbarella continue and Alex Nino tops his hat

**#15/JUNE 78** Corben introduces Sharkwrack Sul pendragon class More Than Human illustrated more Barbarella and the pilgrim of Hadrian

**#16/JULY 78** A happy ending for Barbarella a sad ending for 1996 resurrection of Druillet's Gail more Heliman Orion More Than Human and Corben's Arabian Nights

**#17/AUGUST 78** SORRY — SOLD OUT!

**#18/SEPTEMBER 78** SORRY SOLD OUT!

**#19/OCTOBER 78** Exterminator 17 Ellison's illustrated Glass Golden debut of McKie's So Beau tiful and So Dangerous plus usual

**#20 NOVEMBER 78** Twenty pages of the Beauty Chaykin Em pire from Sindbad Exterminator Major Grubert Heliman's final rebirth more

**#21/DECEMBER 78** The stock ing's full with Orion Kirchner's Tarot and 2 beautiful pages of Moebius

**#22. JANUARY 79** Trina debuts here and Druillet concludes Gail plus McKie and Corben How much are you take?

**#23/FEBRUARY 79** Galactic Geographic Starchart Cor ben's Sindbad McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous plus Moebius Beal and Macedo

**#24/MARCH 79** Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's The Stars My Destination Superdown II and Ellison's radio show

**#25/APRIL 79** SORRY SOLD OUT!

**#26/MAY 79** It's all American issue kept for Druillet's Dance and a Proust joke! 15 entries including Corben Morrow the Illustrated Angel

**#27/JUNE 79** SORRY SOLD OUT!

**#28/JULY 79** Rodez's Zoetz premieres Corben's Sindbad con cludes Mark Hunge debuts

**#29. AUGUST 79** Cara star's show with New Ark City plus Mayerik Suydam Galactic Gad grabber Bode more

**#30/SEPTEMBER 79** Elric Buck Rogers a lizard named Elvis and little Red V-3 along side Montalbar and Moebius

**#31/OCTOBER 79** A Halloween tribute to H P Lovecraft with Moebius Breccia Druillet Suydam others

**#32/NOVEMBER 79** Let's give thanks for Corben's Road Bode's Zoetz Brunner's Elric Chay kin's The Stars My Destination Moebius and more

**#33/DECEMBER 79** A Christmas package from Cara Corben Ka foed Suydam Shiel Tara Mow bius and Ellison plus Gnomes and Giants

**#34/JANUARY 80** A new year new decade begins with new look for HM with debut of 4 new columnists new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan conclusion of Corben's Road and much more

**#35/FEBRUARY 80** An eerie Chaykin cover adorns this winter is sue Corben's The Beast of Wall ton begins McKie experiments with the Air Pump and we join Mark How ard on a weird trip

**#36/MARCH 80** Why did The Creature take Jeanette? Read the Schuiten Bros. strip! Plus Cor ben Mahfood Moebius and Lee Marrs's Good Vibrations

**#37/APRIL 80** Our 3rd annual sary issue 72 pages of Champa gne in living color Heavy installment of Moebius's Airtight Garage plus Cara Bode Howarth Corben Bode and more

**#38/MAY 80** Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Jole ever find out? Will Chamaeleon reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn too? We'll never tell

**#39/JUNE 80** Champakou meets his fate while Captain Sternn saves the day And in their revenge the Flying Wallendas vs Earth!

**#40/JULY 80** The Alchemist Su preme continues Arzak learns truth about Sedelkich Mutter Beal's Prog ress begins and Moebius returns with Shore leave

**#41/AUGUST 80** Druillet returns with the Ultimatums of Solamn bo while Moebius concludes Shore leave and a marvelous Beal continues Progress!

**#42/SEPTEMBER 80** The Al chemist Supreme concludes while Beal's Progress gears up steam Crime Color Paul Kirchner Leo Dil ando contribute nifty shorts while Rock Opera gets stranger yet

**#43. OCTOBER 80** Our Special Rock issue packed with goodies by McKie Moebius Vess Sean Druil let Vosatka Hé Howarth Kiekla gaard Ji Coon and Malerba and not to be missed!

**#44/NOVEMBER 80** With he Shogun spirit ablaze this issue's cover by Hajime Sorayama is def initely in its element Inside we give you some lovely Corben Moeb us Kakuta Sampayo and Beal

**#45/DECEMBER 80** Plumbing Corben's illustrated Bloodstar Creepy's valentine and Godard and Ribera's What's Reality Papa Plus The Curse of the Frog Rock Opera and Moebius

**#46/JANUARY 81** Jeronimo returns with Woman Don Wood makes his HM debut with Gang Hah Plus more Corben Godard and Ribera Marazano and Rock Opera Moebius tells us There's a Prince Charming on Phenacon!

**#47/FEBRUARY 81** William S Burroughs discusses Corben De fense while The Horny Goof an inimitable Moebius character gets himself in and outa trouble Special added attraction Pages from Jeff Jones's Yesterdays in and an in terview with the man himself

**#48/MARCH 81** The Arcana John Findley's epic Western be

Photocopy Back Issues

ging. What is Ripley Pearl? and The Ambassador of the Shadows by Richard Corben's interpretation of Flaubert's classic Salammbo and Phyllis Marilyn Elliott's prayer made as Salvation's Army in America.

**#49/APRIL 82** Art and the Nazis: Corben's Bloodrider Chronicles, Grand Day Border, Harry Harrison's Stories from London and an interview with June Roberta Dietz. Plus we could go on and on and on.

**#50/MAY 82** Portraits of Craig Shaw's Cody Starbuck and Brad Foster's The Immortal Fatal Pick Supreme. Plus Tan Bridge and William S. Burroughs: an unlikely pair.

**#51/JUNE 82** The all-star pin-up Richard Corben interview. Jon Sable Freelance adaptation of Richard Howard's Changes winds up. Plus Cage, Ghostbusters, Grimjack and Jon Workman!

**#52/JULY 82** Stephen King isn't fun with "The Blue Air Compressor." Stephen's adaptation of Dan Hand continues while Chris Wood's fantastic debut continues all up.

**#53/AUGUST 82** Spurred on the Immortal Weapons, the 3rd part of the Corben interview runs a 16 page pullout section on making the Heavy Metal movie.

**#54/SEPTEMBER 82** Corben's Den II, Jan Jones's "Mage," Juan Giménez's "Metamorphosis of Arnold" and Tom Veitch's new work with the Masters of Horror.

**#55/OCTOBER 82** Shakespeare in Americans, an episode of Sienkiewicz's Mercenary, a gallery section devoted to Druillet plus an Jones, Beal and Sienkiewicz.

**#56/NOVEMBER 82** Jean-Pierre Egg of the World, Jeff Jones's Sequentials and Beal at home, the art of Love and Death Dungeonquest.

**#57/DECEMBER 82** Strange encounters with Debbie Hein, Jeffrey Jones, Sequentials and Corben. Plus odd ending to "The Inevitable Fate."

**#58/JANUARY 83** Our "Heavy Future" issue includes Arnold Lobel's "Mice Me and G-Bon and The Autonomous Man" by Dave Chadview and Balfour. All surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson Sequentials, Sienkiewicz etc.

**#59/FEBRUARY 83** Begins with a thirteen adventure of John Blake: The Incal Light. Wrap and Chaykin's "Galaxy Fauss" gets going again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Sienkiewicz et al.

**#60/MARCH 83** Our 5th Special Book issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Day in the Day," a surrealist look at the life of John Lennon, Lee Gibbon's "Nova 3" begins. Elliott Maraby brings us the Pink Cadillac plus our regulars. Mercenary, Den, Rock Opera, etc. Enjoy.

**#61/APRIL 83** Our 5th annual story issue offers a variety of treats! What with Chaykin, Druillet, Moebius, Beal and an essay on J.G. Ballard, you'll be hearing out of it!

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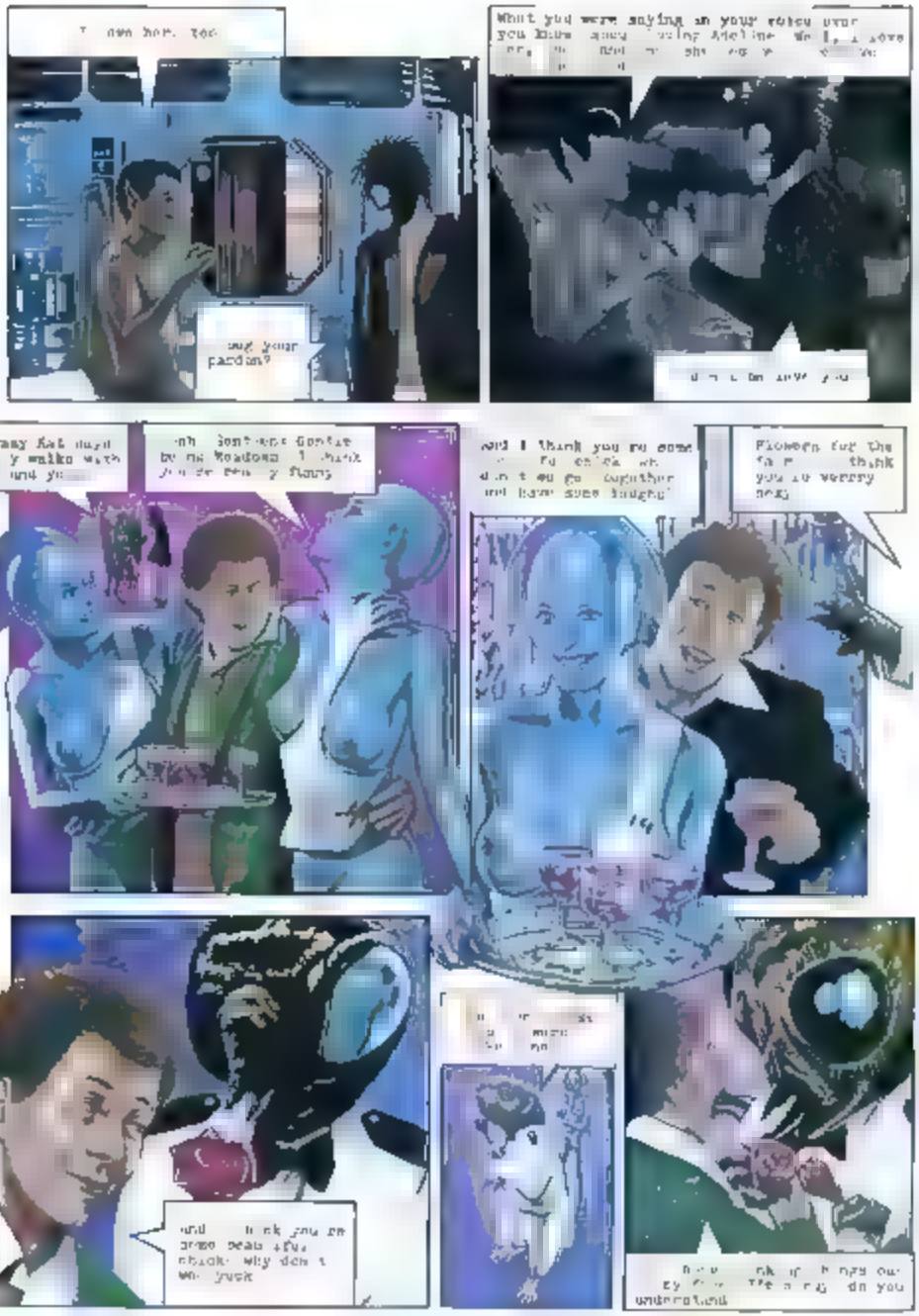

A cop!
I like it kinky
You've always got to have it on by action don't you, Joe?
The Devo ed on through the swing doo ways toward the bath
You've been on Earth?
Once or twice never got on well with the natives, though- they always seemed to mistake me for somebody else
Ah, Joe, you've got company
Ah, Joe, you've got company
Ah, Joe, you've got company

Are they all gone? Oh, golly. I'm so glad you finally showed up. I held out until he promised to get you here to costar-
Yeah, he wants me to be Kwan-duggy.
That was my idea. Look, I know it's silly, but I've never done it before--had sex, I mean--and it's just that I want the first time to be perfect. I want the first time to be with you...
It seemed to me that I'd wandered into a dream. I'd been in love with Adeline for months--for her beauty, her courage, her great soft heart...I wanted these moments to be a memory that would bind us together forever.
You've got to promise to be gentle--
Yeah, yeah, yeah...
OW! OW! Does it always hurt like that?
Hey, be careful! Ow! Can't you hurry it up?
You mean that's it? I guess I just didn't feel it...
I'm trying! I'm trying!

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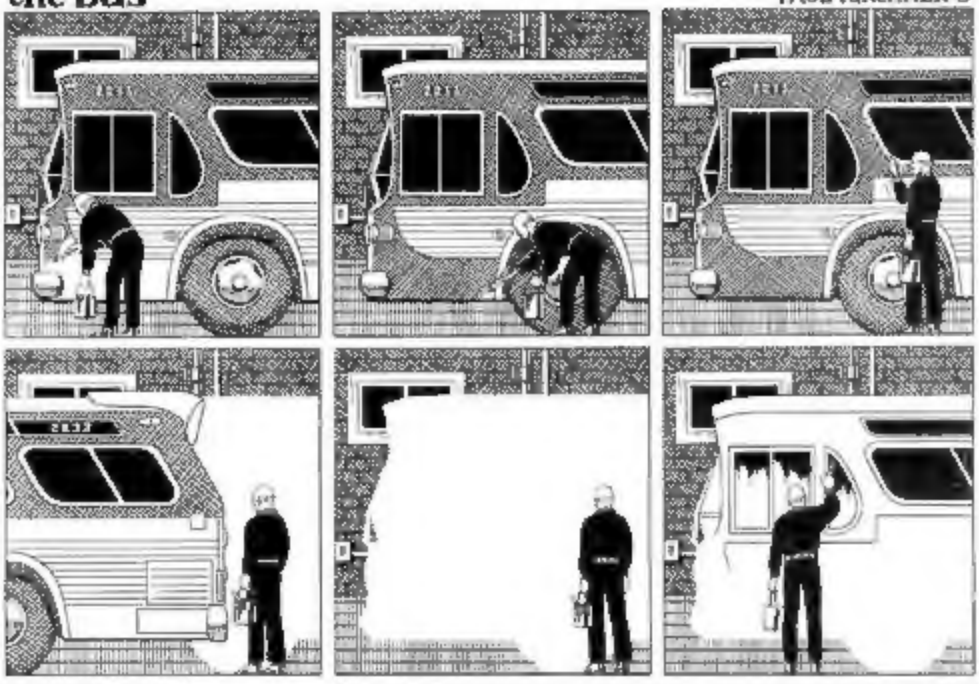
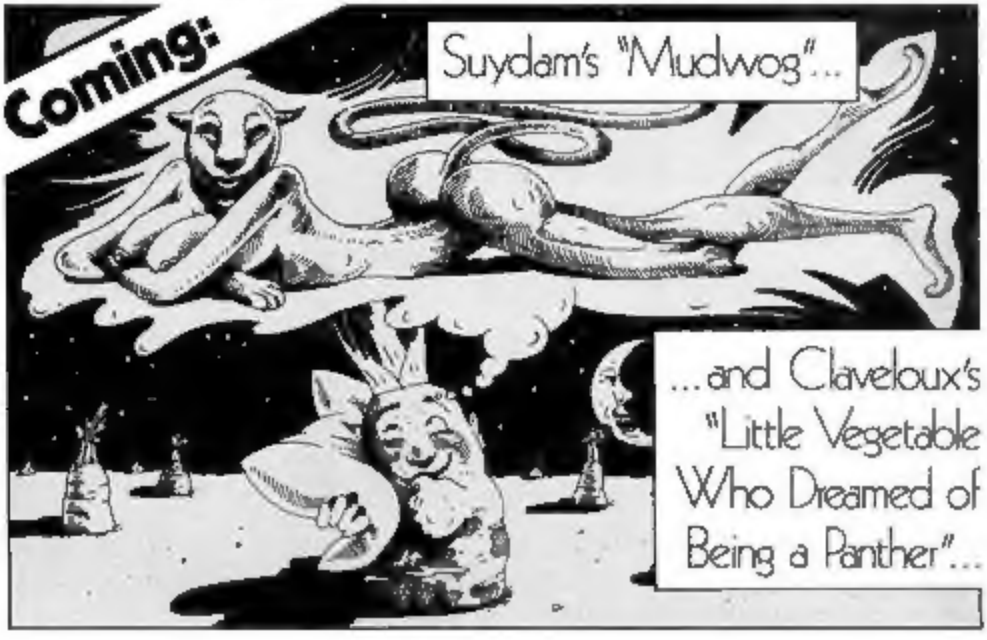
To be continued...

# the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©





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